

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVIII
1779

AIR RAIDS!
£200
INSURANCE
POLICY
FREE
FOR EVERY READER

UNITED
WE
WIN!
by A. G. G.

FORCES
HALF
PRICE
IN OUR
CONTESTS

It's washing-up that makes me late!
I loathe each greasy pot and plate!



MEET MRS. MUNDY

Mrs. Mundy says: "You'll find Oxydol practically halves the cost of your weekly wash, too — and it washes white clothes really white and coloureds brilliant as new."

OXYDOL

Oxydol is on sale at all shops:
1/-, 6d. and 3jd.



BUY THE
SHILLING SIZE - IT'S
THE BIGGEST MONEY
SAVER OF ALL



Now listen, lady... call a halt!
That waste of time is all your fault!
With Oxydol... so simple, slick...
Your washing-up is twice as quick



What? Oxydol make my washing-up twice as quick? That takes some believing!



It's true all right. This new granulated soap, Oxydol, dissolves in a flash and gives you masses of rich double lather.

But it's the wiping that takes so much time.

Ah! With Oxydol you can do away with wiping! Just rinse everything under the tap and leave to dry. You'll save no end of time that way!

Well, that's wonderful — but it's no use if my dishes are going to be left dull and smeary!

Dull? With Oxydol? Why, with Oxydol, grease disappears like magic, leaving glass and china sparkling bright!

But what about the cost? Such a marvellous way of washing-up must be expensive.

Not a bit of it. Why, Oxydol saves you money hand over fist! So many women are changing to Oxydol because Oxydol actually goes twice as far. And there's nothing kinder to your hands than Oxydol's gentle suds.



I could just do with Oxydol to save my money — it's a package of Oxydol for me right away!

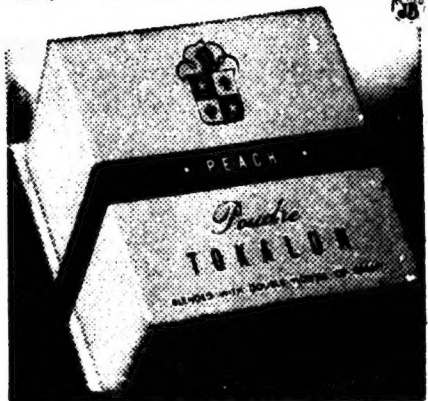
THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

Amazing New Kind Of Face Powder

gives marvellous Complexion Beauty

Ten times finer because made by a new 'air-floated' process. Practically invisible on the skin—Looks natural—no more made-up look. Stays on all day long—even when out in wind and rain. No shiny nose when dancing all evening in the hottest room—because blended by a patent process with 'Mousse of Cream.' Made in ten newest flattering Paris shades—creations of a French Beauty Specialist. All these amazing advantages are found only in **POUDRE TOKALON**. Try it to-day and see a fascinating, seductive, lovely YOU in your mirror.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a deluxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of latest Paris shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 1d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 327), 145, Regent Road, London, N.W.10



In times like these
old friends are best



Men in their prime—and men in their youth—all know the value of Beecham's Pills. A timely dose will keep a man in the pink of condition—his blood pure, his stomach in order, his digestive and prevent him putting on weight. Purely vegetable. Sold everywhere

take
Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

MEN OF COOL COURAGE



... FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Men, who have to keep a cool head for hours on end, demand perfect satisfaction from their tobacco when they have a moment to snatch a smoke. That is why Bondman's cool fragrance is particularly popular with men of H.M. Forces. Bondman is worth a trial!

LLOYDS' Bondman TOBACCO

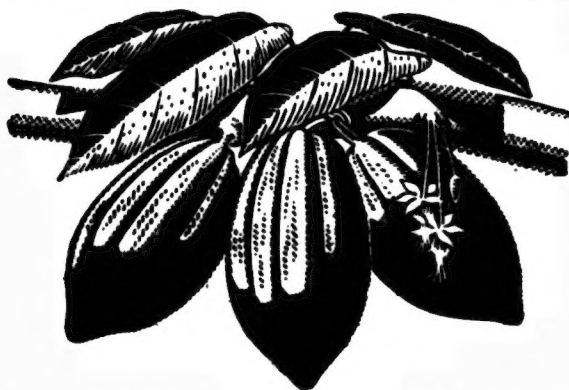
RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1 1/2d per oz. Vacuum Tins

EMPIRE BLEND 1 1/4d per oz. Vacuum Tins



Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

IF IT'S CHOCOLATE THEN IT'S FOOD



Bournville bucks you up — gives you an instant supply of energy when you're feeling low. This famous plain chocolate — containing sunshine Vitamin D, iron and other minerals — is also abundantly rich in carbohydrates, for quick, immediately available energy. Look for the famous red packet.

CADBURY'S Bournville
PLAIN FLAVOUR CHOCOLATE

— for quick energy

HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT SUGAR

ASK at your grocer's for a bottle of the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade Crystals. In the good old summer-times before the war, housewives used to mix up these crystals into jugfuls of delicious lemonade, sweetened by a liberal measure of sugar. But now sugar is scarce, people have discovered that Eiffel Tower is even more refreshing when it is not so sweet, and that they can make it quite sweet enough without any sugar at all.

HERE ARE THE NEW DIRECTIONS:

Place the Eiffel Tower Crystals in a jug, add 24 (.3 grain) saccharin tablets and pour over both 1 1/2 pints of boiling water. Stir till dissolved. When cool, put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. If saccharin is not available try only 4 oz. of sugar or 5 level dessertspoons of golden syrup or 8 level dessertspoons of liquid honey.

The crystals may be dissolved in 1 1/2 pints of boiling water without the addition of any sweetening matter. When cool put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. This provides a most refreshing and thirst-quenching drink.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

No increase in price!

61d bottle makes 25 tumblers

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

FULL-SIZE 1/3 S.R. TOOTH PASTE

FOR 1d

and two empty 6d. S.R. Cartons

This generous offer helps you to save your money and your teeth. All you have to do to get a 1/3 tube of Gibbs S.R. is collect two empty 6d. S.R. cartons and hand these, with 1d., to your chemist! Gibbs S.R., because it contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own treatment for gum diseases, prevents and cures pyorrhea and gingivitis, the diseases which undermine the teeth. Use Gibbs S.R. regularly for healthy gums and sound teeth.

THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY IN IRE



OR 66-789 G. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 20, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"



WANTED—A SECRET COLUMN!

LAST week has seen first serious attempt at aerial blockade of Britain. Man-mountain Goering, losing sixty planes in two days, must be wondering if it's worth the price. For every bomber we bring down is the equivalent of 30,000 hours of skilled artisans' time.

Well-informed circles believe that Goering persuaded Hitler to postpone attempt to invade Britain until results of the air blockade could be assessed.

Tighter Belts

Undoubtably we shall be inconvenienced by air attacks on our shipping, by increasing difficulties of convey. We shall have to live frugally, dispense with delicacies.

But we shall escape the privations that will be suffered by Nazified lands owing to the British naval blockade.

Only a miracle can save most of Europe this winter from the worst famine in history.

Waste Not, Want Not

We must start food economy now. We must be sparing in our use of wool. Not an ounce of raw material must be wasted.

And "we" does not mean the public alone. It applies also to our governors and officials.

Just issued is Schedule T/CG/338801. It is crammed with particulars of stores which various Army units have for disposal. Included are hundreds of tons of iron and steel scrap—yes, and even aluminium.

Why can't Mr. Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook collect that little lot direct?

Cooper on the Carpet

And here's a hint to Mr. Duff Cooper. It is not enough for him to tell us, in the manner of a patient and rather bored schoolmaster, to discount rumour.

He must see that there is no excuse for rumour. Rightly, he doesn't tell us which objectives have been hit by enemy raiders. That would give away dangerous information.

But why suppress the number of casualties in each raid?

Mum's His Word

That sort of reticence encourages suspicion and doubt among our own people. Publication of the figures would be of little value to the enemy.

Mr. Cooper, in his appeals for a Silent Column, assures us that the Government tells us the truth.

He should give us all the truth that can safely be published.

Spread the Truth!

He should also start a Secret Column. A column of carefully chosen men and women to spread truthful propaganda in Nazi-occupied lands, to fan the embers

of resentment into flames of revolt. That way lies victory.

There would be plenty of volunteers—many of them among the anti-Nazi refugees who now languish in our internment camps.

Mr. Butler, of the Foreign Office, believes the time is ripe for such an undertaking. Let him nag Mr. Cooper and see that it is done!

Let Them Help!

Internment of German and Austrian refugees is necessary not only for our safety but for theirs. As we've said before, anyone speaking with a German accent might be mistaken for an enemy if invasion came.

But there's no reason for failing to use the specialist services of pro-British internees in our common fight against Nazism.

And by now Scotland Yard must know which refugees can be trusted.

White Feather Insults

Easy to blame Ministers for their sins of omission and commission, difficult to blame unknown citizens for graver sins.

But most irritating tomfoolery of the moment is that practised by people whose patriotism outruns decency. Worst of all are the White Feather fools.

Anonymous postcards, decorated with white feathers, are showered upon young men in Budleigh Salterton who have been registered for the Army but not yet called up.

Cowardly

Another taunt has been given to a JOHN BULL man, though he served four years in the last war and has volunteered in vain for this one.

It is the White Feather patriots who are the real cowards. They shelter behind the cloak of anonymity or trust to their women's dress to save them from the thrashing they deserve.

Castigate them whenever you find them!

Battle, Don't Brawl

Attack also the short-sighted schemers who crawl into political funk-holes instead of Digging for Victory.

They use the war situation to win the fight for Socialism or Toryism or Communism. They fight among themselves while the enemy is at the gate—an enemy that will countenance only Nazism.

This is no war against Imperialism or Bolshevism. It is a war for our homes, our very lives. And we shan't win it unless we Battle for Britain.

Simple Choice

We—our families, our friends, all of us—are in the battle. We are fighting whether we are in uniform or "civvies."

BRIGHT SPOTS

● More money is circulating in Britain to-day than ever before—£200,000,000. And there are huge gold reserves to back it up.

* * *

● Secret black-out lighting enables twenty-four hours a day to be worked in our shipyards, where more than a million tons of merchant shipping is under construction.

* * *

● Sir Stafford Cripps is doing well in Moscow; an official of the Ministry of Economic Warfare is assisting him to negotiate purchases that will help us to keep Germany short.

* * *

● U.S.A. is supplying arms and ammunition to Elre.

* * *

● Sabotage is increasing in the Kolben-Danek aero works at Prague; fourteen workers arrested.

* * *

● Lead is so short in Germany that motorists must surrender car batteries, for which they are paid one-tenth the market price.

* * *

● Hitler won't get the immense French credits deposited in the U.S.A. American jurists have decided that the Pétain Government is not legitimate, and the American Government must therefore freeze all French credits.

* * *

● Despite the "welcome" given to Count Ciano in Berlin, Nazis so distrust Italian fighting qualities that German officers have been posted to all Italian naval units.

* * *

● Berlin fears, too, that German troops and tanks may have to be transferred to Libya to stiffen Italian resistance to British onslaughts.

* * *

● "Keep the Balkans quiet at all costs," is Hitler's order to Ribbentrop, terrified lest Soviet should be given fresh opportunity to obtain the territory that Adolf had marked out for his own eventual aggrandisement.

We have a simple choice. Shall we fight for or against Hitlerism?

Make no mistake—if we grind our own axe, if we push our pet political theory, we shall breed confusion, chaos and disunity. And those are the weapons of Hitlerism.

Without Fear or Favour

Far more vital than the discussion of ideas at this moment is the discussion of facts.

If you have facts bearing on the war—let us have them. Be sure that JOHN BULL will get them a hearing, will charge through the ranks of obstructionist officials and obtain the attention of Ministers—no matter how many corns are trodden upon in the process.

Divided We Fall

Above all, Ministers must end the muddle resulting from divided authority!

Don't leave the elimination of place-names to local authorities. Make the police or Army responsible.

See that no town can be identified by enemy invaders. Above all, don't forget that place-names appear on nearly every farmer's cart.

Removal Racket

Profiteering must be ended. But not only in food-stuffs. One of the worst rackets of the war is the exploitation by furniture removers of people who have to leave East Coast towns.

Stop the selfishness of rich people who refuse to Save for Victory. One woman went into a West End store last week and bought exactly a hundred pounds' worth of corsets.

Way to Victory

These manifestations of greed are damaging to the people's morale. Bad feeling can imperil our war effort.

We have given the Government unlimited powers to control people and property. We expect them to be used; they must be used.

Let us ensure that class and political differences are abolished. Let the Government listen to the people and tell the people—and Victory will be made the more certain.

(Continued overleaf)

"WE MUST EXPECT TO BE ATTACKED OR EVEN INVADED."—The Premier.

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registered readers automatically qualify for these benefits without the necessity for re-registration unless they have changed their address or newspaper. Readers who have not registered can use registration forms from past issues or obtain them on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(Continued from previous page)

Fresh shake-up of Government Departments is in progress. This time, action is directed against defeatists and half-Fascists.

Association of ex-Service Civil Servants has strongly protested against conscientious objectors being allowed to remain in Departments connected with defence.

That, of course, is no reflection on the patriotism of objectors as a whole. But the Association alleges that some Civil Service pacifists are forming unpatriotic groups.

We Can't Take Risks

One woman, temporary employee in a war Ministry, held violently pro-Hitler views, was found to have taken a lonely cottage from which she could have signalled to ships at sea.

A man whose job dealt with vital matters was overheard when spouting virulently anti-British views.

They are being dealt with.

Pans into 'Planes

Pleasant contrast is the rush by worthier citizens to give up aluminium pots and pans for 'plane' production.

Fall of France has given the Axis Powers control of nearly half the world's supplies of bauxite, from which aluminium is obtained.

Though we can get a good deal from our colonies, we must supply much to the U.S.A. to help her munitions programme. Hence the appeal to housewives.

We're Hoarding

Need for householders to hoard coal arises from the breakdown of one of our best-laid plans.

"John Bull" helped to get idle miners back at work, so coal production this year will reach 269,000,000 tons.

But entry of Italy into the war, France's exit, will leave us with a big surplus.

New markets are being sought. Meanwhile, all of us can help to keep men at work by ordering next winter's coal and coke.

Safety First

Mussolini would like some of our supplies to help his navy streak for port whenever British battleships are sighted.

Believe it or not, but his sailors want to show fight. And his new warships are good, very good.

But many of the men are ill-trained, unreliable in action, though bellicose in harbour. That's why Italian admirals won't risk a major engagement.

Sack for Patriots

Instead of gibing at the Italians, our Ministers should goad our own little dictators who won't let Britons show fight.

West Riding County Council forbids employees to join the L.D.V.s, A.R.P., or other defence corps. Insurance com-

Competitions HALF-PRICE for the Forces

THOUSANDS of pounds have already been won in JOHN BULL'S Prize Competitions by readers serving in H.M. Forces. But now a valuable new privilege for such entrants, first announced this week, will soon be swelling the ranks of Service prize-winners.

To encourage all in the Services to enjoy a half-hour on Competitions during spells of leisure or inactivity, "John Bull" to-day throws open both "Bullets" and "Crosswords" to these readers at HALF-RATE Entry-fee.

Full details of this week's fine Cash and Pension Prizes, also of this new Services Privilege, are on page 19. If not a Service reader yourself, cut out this notice and enclose it in your next letter to a relative or friend in H.M. Forces—you may well be helping him to win a big prize!



- Civil Service Round-Up
- Sack for Defence Recruits
- Official Secret Leaks Out
- Boycott on Men in Khaki
- Women-Killers Set Free

panies insist upon the resignation from their staffs of all who volunteer for the Services.

Very Bad Egg

M.P.s should raise that scandal at Question Time. They might also ask if there was a leakage of official information regarding the increase in egg prices.

Increase came into operation on a Monday. On the previous Friday housewives in many districts found that eggs were unobtainable.

Shopkeepers said that wholesalers had not sent the usual supplies.

Already Answered

Questions on such matters would be more useful than some which take up Parliamentary time and public money.

Undeterred by a recent rebuke from the Prime Minister, Mr. George Strauss wants to know if the *Arandora Star* was in convoy when it was sunk.

Yet every newspaper had stated that it was not in convoy—and every M.P.'s question costs the taxpayer at least £2.

Iron Rations!

One soldier survivor of that disaster tells us he was landed at a northern port at seven in the morning. During the whole of that day he was given only one meal and a change of clothes.

Next day he had two meals. On the following night he arrived in London,

where the Y.M.C.A. gave him his first hot meal.

Can't officialdom do better than that?

Give Them a Chance!

Next question, addressed to Mr. Ernest Bevin, should be worth a moment of his sixteen-hour day.

Have his officials told him that many of the people in a Scottish town, who made a certain kind of munitions for the last war, are now out of work?

We know Mr. Bevin well enough to be sure that this hint will suffice.

No Hands Wanted

He'll also be interested in the case of a joiner, aged thirty-six. Responding to the appeal of official advertisements, he offered his services to two shipyards and two big aircraft factories. No vacancies!

Next he wrote to Mr. Bevin, who promptly communicated with the Divisional Controller in Manchester. That was on June 7, but our reader is still waiting to be told of a job.

False Pretences

Employers are still dodging. One man, due for registration, was given a paper by his firm to take to the employment exchange. It described him as a cost clerk, but he has never made up a cost in his life.

If he informs against his employers he may lose his job. So yet another man will be lost to the Army.

Well, we're sending that and every similar case to Mr. Bevin. He'll know how to stop the dodgers.

Kicking His Heels

Similar waste of man-power should be investigated by the Army's new Adjutant-General.

Man who volunteered as a boot-repairer last September did three months' military training and was then posted to a northern regiment in his trade capacity.

But he hasn't touched a pair of boots, all repairs being sent to a private cobbler. That's one complaint of many.

Snobbery's Limit

No blame to the Army for another minor but infuriating scandal. A senior N.C.O. and two sergeants, seeking a drink in a Carnarvon hotel, were brusquely told that the premises were "out of bounds" to soldiers.

But the Army hadn't said so.

Maybe if the proprietor of this genteel hotel knew that one of the sergeants was a very famous footballer he'd no longer bar his bar to "common soldiers."

Bren Guns for Boys

Public school boys are training for the O.T.C. with Bren guns. Now that there are a million L.D.V.s, couldn't they do with a few more Bren guns and let the boys make shift for the moment with dummies?

Again, the lads have Lee-Enfield rifles for musketry drill. L.D.V.s have Canadian rifles that are good, but not quite so good.

Stop this anomaly, Mr. Eden! Confiscate the school boys' weapons and give them to the men in khaki!

Badge for the Wounded

New badge is wanted—for disabled men who have been discharged from the Services and now wear civilian clothes. Otherwise some female fools will be handing them white feathers.

Original G.R. badge, for the 1914-18 war, was issued in September, 1916, soon became regarded as an honour. And rightly!

Cheer for Captives

For 5s. a month you can "adopt" a British prisoner-of-war in a Nazi camp, keep him supplied with books, gramophone records, material for hobbies and indoor games.

If you can't afford that, even a few stamps will help the British Prisoners-of-War Books and Games Fund to help unlucky warriors. Send your gifts to 506, Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.

War's Worst Shame

Nazi prisoners-of-war are still streaming back to Germany from France.

Among the 400 Nazi airmen set free by the Pétain Government are 191 who had been conclusively proved to have deliberately bombed or machine-gunned women and children.

We hope they will soon be flying again—and will be met by Spitfires and Hurricanes.

Short of Propaganda

American journal, *Life*, has caught out Dr. Goebbels' paid liars in a silly trick.

Last summer the German War Ministry issued a picture of heavy guns taking part in army manoeuvres. Same picture has just been reissued by the German Propaganda Ministry as an actual scene of fighting in France.

Vital Sidelight

Here's a small but significant sidelight from Slovakia, puppet State of Nazidom that would now like to restore the Czechoslovakia it helped to smash.

Cork is unobtainable. No tin may be bought.

So much cotton-wool has been commandeered that the wife of a high banking official had to bleed to death after childbirth because not even an ounce of cotton-wool could be found in the chemists' shops.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

IT'S JUST DAMN NONSENSE!

B RITAIN'S war effort is being hampered by pettifoggish officialdom, Red Tape, Red Tabs and the dreary old game of "passing the buck."

Millions of public money are being wasted and—worse than that—centuries of priceless time.

A century is an extreme span of human life, but it means no more than a few wasted hours when it covers the mass output of legions of workers.

Our bureaucrats and "Blimps" can't or won't realise this, and so they are still frittering away "centuries" of vital man power.

THIS DAMN NONSENSE MUST STOP. IT MUST STOP. IT MUST STOP!

WE SAY **THIS THREE TIMES BECAUSE THERE ARE MEN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE, "ON THE STAFF" AND IN LOCAL ADMINISTRATION, TOO, WHO SEEM INCAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING ANYTHING THAT ISN'T "IN TRIPLICATE."**

We say so to the Government as a whole, but, in particular, to Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Eden and Lord Beaverbrook.

For these four men are the "new brooms" in the Cabinet. None of them will be tempted to "pass on" our communication to colleagues for "such action as may be deemed necessary."

If they choose to do so, they can make a clean sweep of all the obstructionists and routine worshippers in their respective Ministries. And the sooner the better.

W E assert that vital work is being delayed by footling formalities and incredible rules of procedure.

We declare that urgently needed material is being wasted by a stubborn and silly insistence upon peace time standards that are no longer of the slightest importance.

And we know that hosts of keen business men, doing their utmost to speed up output, are being harried and badgered and driven almost frantic by the slow and formal working of the official mind.

The root of the trouble goes deep into the traditions of the Civil Service itself. We do not reproach the rank and file. They are loyal and devoted workers.

But the high permanent officials and thousands of their senior subordinates have grown old in the exacting discipline of rigid rules and orthodox procedure.

They insist that everything "pass through

the proper channels." Their departments are really "compartments," and water-tight at that.

Correspondence is referred back or passed on, filed for reference, acknowledged at leisure, or put aside until "in due course" it can be brought to the attention of the departmental chief.

There are no short cuts—not even now when we are fighting for our lives and there isn't a moment to lose.

R ECENTLY a certain firm submitted samples of japped bolts. They were rejected because the authorities considered the japping wasn't up to standard.

These same authorities admitted that the japping doesn't make the slightest difference to the serviceable quality of the badly needed bolts.

But they still refused to pass them, presumably because there was a specification filed away in triplicate!

This is merely one instance among hundreds, perhaps thousands. Another firm, making scoops and rakes to deal with incendiary bombs, hoped to save spelter by producing these articles painted with a non-inflammable paint instead of galvanised as per specification.

Now spelter is badly needed, and the tonnage available has recently been cut down. Moreover, the scoops and rakes would have been equally effective ungalvanised.

So far as we know, however, no reply has yet been received from the Home Office panjandrums to the urgent suggestion that the specification should be revised!

In another case an important factory has been making a certain fitting for the Admiralty. This fitting is in two parts and has to be made of a specified grade of steel.

This particular grade of steel ran short. After tedious delays permission was given to use an alloy.

It happened, however, that one lot of parts was already finished in steel. For all practical purposes it did not matter in the least which was used, steel or alloy.

But the official mind, having stretched one point, was incapable of stretching another. "No," it said, "all alloy, or all steel, but no mixing!"

This sort of rigid insistence on fixed standards may be all very well in time of peace, but it simply won't do in time of war.

EVEN NOW, THE AUTHORITIES CANNOT BE EXPECTED TO PASS SHODDY WORK OR SHODDY MATERIALS.

BUT TO HELL WITH SPIT AND POLISH!

—THE HUMAN MACHINE—

In the Days to Come

E VER since mankind developed intelligence there has been an intense desire to peep into the future. People have always wanted to know in advance what is going to happen.

This is not the place to discuss whether any of the attempts have been successful: it is enough to record the desire to make such attempts.

While every instinct urges us to look forward, every inclination tends to make us drag back. There seems to be a fatal fascination about the past which

hampers, clogs and corrodes unless we are careful.

Let us be definite about what we mean by the past.

History is interesting enough if we regard it as a record of errors that can show us how to avoid pitfalls in the future.

If we begin to think that "what has been, will be," we are listening to the fatal Lure of the Past.

What has been, may be—that is true.

But before we allow it to be, we should make sure that it is worth repeating.

If by the Past we mean Tradition, and if we reverence it over-

much on that account, then we had better do some hard thinking.

Tradition is fitted only for a museum piece, something to be looked at as a curiosity—interesting, yet still a curiosity.

If we allow ourselves to be hypnotised into following it unthinkingly we are heading for disaster.

Love of the Past is based mainly on the disinclination for change.

It rests on little more solid than resentment against new ideas.

If we over-reverence it, we brand ourselves as lazy thinkers.

Our job is to look forward, to think forward. It is the days to come that count.



This girl munition worker is getting on with the job. Bureaucrats with the "everything-in-triplicate" mind could well take a tip from her.

THE COUNTRY CANNOT AFFORD TO REJECT SOUND AND SERVICEABLE WAR MATERIAL OF ANY KIND. IT NEEDS IT ALL AND NEEDS IT QUICKLY.

We could scrap fifty million office files and the chances are that nobody, except a flock of disgruntled officials, would ever miss them. But we daren't scrap good stuff and grand labour.

T HERE is only one standard that ought to be applied both to men and material in the present emergency—their immediate practical usefulness.

All key men should be kept in their key jobs. The pundits and bureaucrats do not take this view.

A dockyard company has been trying for months to obtain the release from the R.A.F. of a ship's plater urgently needed for his skilled work.

The man in question volunteered as a radio experimenter. He was called up and has done the most ordinary routine work ever since.

BUT A ROUND OF CORRESPONDENCE LASTING SOME THIRTY WEEKS LED TO NO RESULT, EXCEPT THAT FINALLY THE MAN'S EMPLOYERS WERE REFERRED BACK TO THE AUTHORITY WHICH HAD BEEN APPROACHED IN THE FIRST INSTANCE!

We know that in many war industries other key men, acting from the most patriotic motives, have joined the A.R.P. or L.D.V. services. The consequence is that, in many cases, they can't do overtime with their mates and output is slowed up.

This is waste of man power. All highly skilled workers in essential industries are giving better service "on the job" than they can possibly do in any other capacity.

They should be treated as soldiers and forbidden to undertake duties likely to impair efficiency or interfere with their working hours.

It would be easy to fill not only this page but the whole of this issue with further instances of muddle, waste and delay arising almost entirely from the obstructive and misplaced zeal of "the official mind."

But we believe that the live Ministers in the Cabinet are already fully alive to the main problem.

They are beginning to cut through the huge tangles of Red Tape and they are even planning to attack the "permanence" of some of the crustier permanent officials.

In the words of Mr. Morrison, then, let them "go to it!"

THIS IS NO TIME TO BE SOFT-HEARTED WITH OBSTRUCTIONISTS OF ANY KIND, NO MATTER HOW WELL-MEANING. SUSPEND THEM, RETIRE THEM, OR SACK THEM; WE DO NOT CARE WHICH, BUT GET RID OF THEM.

For it is just damn nonsense to put up with the "Blimps" and bureaucrats any longer.

Nazi Slave Territory

Dutchmen guide British bombers; Norwegians ambush Nazi troops; Poles stab Gestapo oppressors—everywhere the victims of tyranny are striking back or awaiting their revenge

By HARRY GREGSON

MORE than 80,000,000 Europeans have lost their freedom since Hitler began his march of aggression.

French, Danes, Belgians, Dutch, Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, Austrians and a large proportion of the 3,500,000 inhabitants of the Sudetenland live in privation and misery, bitterly resentful of the steel-helmeted, swaggering soldiers who parade their towns.

Every attempt is made to stifle incipient rebellion. Penalties for listening to the voice of freedom broadcast daily from Britain are severe.

The coastline is watched. Not a single Dutchman has managed to leave Holland since the Nazis gained complete control.

Norwegian fishermen are forbidden to fish more than five miles out from the coast. Nazi planes patrol the Belgian and French coasts and machine-gun any boat unable to produce the arranged recognition signal.

Foreign diplomats have been expelled. The Press is governed with an iron hand. Yet the truth is leaking out.

In Poland, it is hate and persecution. The 20,000,000 Poles unfortunate enough to be trapped within the frontiers of the Reich are beaten, shot and starved.

Six hundred thousand Polish workmen were dragged from their homes and families and transported forcibly to the Reich for laborious tasks that were beneath the dignity of their masters to perform.

The spectacle of weary, overworked, shabbily-dressed Polish workmen, waiting outside the field canteen until the Nazi bosses have eaten their fill, is a familiar one in Prussia.

In some cases they have been forced, like dogs, to eat their food off the ground.

YET these peasants are more fortunate than the Jews, hounded in hundreds of thousands into reserves where the spectacle of starving women and children is frequent.

They are more fortunate than the inhabitants of ruined Warsaw and Gestapo-dominated towns like Poznan and Gdynia, where penniless and homeless Poles roam the streets searching in the dustbins of their Nazi masters for scraps of offal to sustain life.

The Poles are courageous enough. Some have stabbed Gestapo men, seized revolvers, and ambushed the oppressors from the forests.

But for each Gestapo man slain, the Nazis have dragged a dozen or so harmless civilians—men, women and children—picked at random from the nearest community, and shot them down.

There are new gravestones at the entrance to nearly every Polish village.

The Polish mothers still teach their children Polish national songs. They keep alive in their breasts the hope of freedom and hatred of the Teuton.

Despite the death penalty for listening to foreign broadcasts, the truth about happenings abroad gets round.

In Norway the Nazis tried at first to be more gentle.

Gestapo men with shaven heads and waisted uniforms used to telephone to

Norwegians whose unfriendly conversations had been overheard, and tell them how dangerously they were behaving.

But this did not stop young men setting off with packs on their backs as "tourists" to indulge in sniping-off the hated oppressors.

Nearly a score of young Norwegians were recently rounded up and shot in the Gudbrandsdal, north of Oslo, for sharpshooting. Villages where sniping occurs are threatened with bombing.

Daily the headquarters of the German Military Governor issues more drastic regulations, but they cannot make the Norwegians friendly to the invaders. When a Norwegian in Oslo sees a German, he crosses to the other side of the street.

Food shortage in Western Norway is serious.

Cattle are being killed off for lack of fodder. Meat, butter and clothes are extremely expensive—when they are obtainable.

The great whaling fleet and fishing industry no longer produces for Norwegian account. The whaling fleet is in Britain, while the Norwegian fishermen are forbidden to catch in the rich Dogger Bank fishing grounds for which they might never return.

The Nazi way of curing unemployment is to feed the Norwegians oat and bread, pay them no wages, and then off to build roads, bridges and aerodromes.

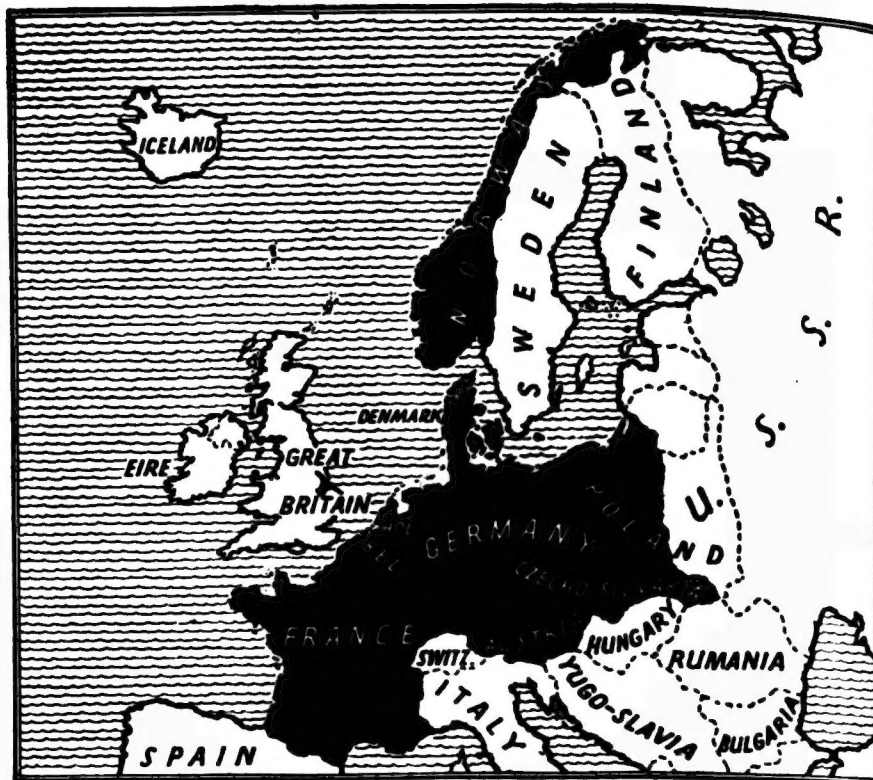
NORWEGIANS have never been used to such treatment. There has been many an "accident" to a Nazi sentry while he was superintending work in the mountains!

Stolid Dutchmen, of whom 8,000,000 are under Nazi rule, have their own way of showing contempt. They say of Nazi soldiers and Gestapo men: "We simply don't see them."

The strutting Nazis get very annoyed when Dutchmen walk past them in the streets as if they didn't exist, and it has made them feel so small that orders have recently been issued that this sort of discourtesy will be punished.

In Holland, too, the food situation is getting very bad. A quarter of an ounce of tea a week is all that the Nazis can allow their Dutch "subjects." Butter, in this land of butter-producers, cannot be purchased.

Holland, like Denmark and Norway, her neighbours under the Nazi yoke, relied largely on imported feeding stuffs to maintain her meat and dairy production. Since Hitler invaded Holland, overseas supplies have been cut off.



Half Europe has been covered by the black tides of tyranny and horror. But already brave men and women of conquered lands are in revolt

Now the Nazis have been forced to issue proclamations providing severe penalties for Dutchmen who fail to greet German soldiers, or brawl with them, or for not showing sufficient respect for German "honour." You see, the Dutch have one or two ribald songs that annoy the "conquering heroes" intensely.

But the most significant of all Nazi measures proves that the Dutch have been guiding British bombers to Nazi objectives.

It is a tribute both to the accuracy of British bombers and the tenacity of the Dutch, who prefer to see bits of Holland destroyed so long as a few Nazis are killed along with them.

"If ever I saw hate written on a human face, I saw it in this woman's eyes."

So wrote a neutral correspondent who was recently permitted to visit Belgium in company with a Nazi staff officer.

The Belgians, 8,000,000 of them, hate the Germans with sincerity only to be appreciated by those who have seen their country overrun and devastated twice in a lifetime.

And they are not confining their hatred to bitter looks at the Nazi oppressors.

SABOTAGE of telephone and telegraph communications has been rampant, and the Nazi Command has recently issued an order threatening not only any captured offender but also the community near which the act is committed.

They have even ordered Belgians to report sabotage if they discover it, under pain of severe penalties.

Every Belgian must be in bed by ten o'clock. Brussels tramways do not run after 9.30.

Leopold is a prisoner in his palace at Laeken, near Brussels, which is guarded by German sentries.

He has not issued a single proclamation or order since the capitulation.

Belgian officers still remain prisoners. Germans dare not release them because their patriotism is so intense. Yet they are the only men who could restart factories, as they are all educated artisans.

THOUSANDS of Belgians are hungry. Belgium was always a large importer of foodstuffs for her great industrial centres, but all imports have been cut off by the British blockade.

Further, the crops were left unharvested, as every able-bodied man had to leave his fields to join the army when Hitler invaded the country.

There were no "reserved" occupations.

Observers predict that a famine, much worse even than that in the Great War, will soon rage in Belgium.

During the Great War the Germans paid some attention to neutral opinion, especially American opinion, which resulted in the despatch of American Relief Missions to Belgium. Now all diplomats have been ordered away from Belgium.

Belgian miners from Mons and Charleroi have been transported in thousands to the Reich for forced labour. In their place the Nazis have brought in Polish conscripts, hoping thus to create bitterness and dissension.

The distress in Belgium is equalled in half of France. There, shot cattle, ruined transport, unharvested crops and burned farmsteads tell the story of Nazi methods.

And in Denmark too!

Since the Germans came they have systematically plundered the country. More than half of Denmark's 28,000,000 fowls and one-third of the 3,183,000 cattle have been slaughtered and sent to Germany.

Danes listen eagerly to British wireless. British bombing raids on Sylt and other German raids hearten them greatly.

Revolt in Norway, or Allied success there, might result in a similar rising throughout Denmark.

At the present time the Danes feel able to do little except hope, for Germans are north of Denmark, south of Denmark and in the country itself. But famine may make the people desperate and force their hands.

The stark fact facing the Nazis is that none of the subjugated countries is self-supporting. All depended on overseas supplies in order to live.

The victories of which Hitler boasts may well be his undoing.

This is Our Home

THIS is our Home, our cottage, and our castle, our fruitful acres, and our narrow street, our village, and our cities, and our moorland, OUR ENGLAND whose name is our heart-beat. Our hamlets, and our patchwork fields, our hedges, our winding lanes, our hop kilns, and our barns, our rugged cliffs, our lovely rolling downlands, all woven into History's rich-hued yarns.

THIS is our Home, our glorious Empire's Hearth-side, where we with open hearts welcome all friends, and shelter those who come to us for succour, as come they do from the World's far ends. This is our Home where sacred things are kindled, where Liberty shines like an Eternal Lamp, where Freedom is the thing we live and die for, and Woe to those who try to storm our camp.

THIS is our Home, our earthly shrine, our refuge, our very fibre, our substance, and our shield, we offer hospitality to all Men, but to the intruder we will never yield. This is our Home, the place WHERE GOD HAS SET US AND WHERE BY GOD'S WILL WE'LL EVERMORE ABIDE, for England's Strength, Her Soul, Her Honour, is lifted up on every swinging tide.

THIS is our Home, our churches, our religion, our institutions, all our Living Theme, this is the fabric of our ancient toiling, this is the Lighted Taper of our Dream. This is our Home, our furnaces, our shipyards, our industries, our pleasures, sport, and game, all of these things are Welded into England, for WE ARE ENGLAND, AND ENGLAND IS OUR NAME.

J. M.

OPEN LETTERS

Jungles in Britain : Guide to Nazi Bombers : Let the Disabled Help Our Defence : Hands off the Press : Snub to Chemists : Unlock the A.R.P. Shelters

General Sir HUGH ELLES,
Civil Defence Chief

DEAR GENERAL,—Months ago I told of a Northern dog-racing track, painted white, that is a landmark for enemy raiders.

The local council has sent several reminders to the Ministry of Home Security. Yet, though near-by farmers have been told to disguise their whitewashed cottages, nothing is done to camouflage the staring tower of the dog track.

For sanity's sake, use your influence.—JOHN BULL.

Miss E. M. DELAFIELD,
Novelist

DEAR MADAM,—No doubt of your success in your war time job of "trying to be funny at all costs." For what could be funnier than to appoint you to lecture about the best ways to use food—you who admit to knowing nothing about food economy?

Fortunately, your sense of humour is shared by the public. But I doubt if the joke will be seen by the crass officialdom which cannot find a more appropriate task for your talents.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir R. TYRWHITT,
Ex-Services Welfare Society

DEAR ADMIRAL,—I am perplexed by letters from disabled ex-Servicemen who, though eager to play their part in this war as in the last, find themselves unacceptable as air raid wardens, L.D.V.s or anything else.

It would surely be possible to utilise their services—if only to man report posts and telephone switch-boards.

No doubt you will bring pressure to bear on the authorities to see that this is done.—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Hull P.A.C.

DEAR SIR,—Just a hint that your officials sleep too soundly.

A woman whose husband joined up at war's outbreak soon found it impossible to manage on her Army allowance. She applied to you for assistance, and

official visited her and approved her case. Since when she has heard nothing.

She has three babies and fears she will soon lose her home. I know you'll move quickly to help her.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Beefwits are still thwarting your drive to get more men on the land.

Employment Exchange officials have told a Ramsgate man that he is too old at fifty-five. Yet he can milk a cow, make butter and cheese, and would surely be more useful on a farm than living on his son's charity.

No doubt you'll agree.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Twenty-four thousand people feel slighted. They are chemists whose shops could be used as emergency first-aid stations.

But you choose to ignore their experience and their willingness to aid the community. One reason for your decision, apparently, is that you would be expected to pay for the dressings they might use!

In one city alone—Edinburgh—200 chemists have attended anti-gas measures. I regret that you frown upon their desire to serve the public as faithfully in war as they do in peace.—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,
Coventry

YOUR WORSHIP,—Your plain duty is to knock sense into the heads of your rates officials.

One woman, who had paid her rates, was warned to attend court or a warrant for her husband's arrest would be issued. Yet the justices had not given authority for such action to be taken.

The sharp reprimand passed to your officials, and the award of costs to the woman, shows the court's indignation. Mine is no less intense, and I shall watch the future conduct of your rates department with close attention.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—See for yourself the rich land that is becoming a jungle in our midst. Gaze upon the once prosperous farms where not a blade of corn or a single cabbage is growing.

You need not go far. At Croydon are nearly fifty acres of former market gardens and allotments where the weeds are two feet high and seeding.

At Ilford is an expanse of derelict land so infested with weeds that four fires have occurred in recent months.

Next, take a day trip to the West Country. In Worsceter-shire are farms where not a man is employed, and yet could be made to pay with modern methods.

Go south to Hampshire. There are vast stretches of weeds shoulder high—no exaggeration in that! In Sussex, too, are empty farmsteads.

So there are, indeed, in every county. All through the country you may find land, so fertile that the Nazis would give their eyes for it, lying idle and desolate.

I know you are anxious to end this appalling waste. I know you have secured power for the compulsory acquisition of such blots on our agriculture.

But do not delegate that power to local authorities, so many of whom are lazy and apathetic. Else you may find that the war will be over before the work of weed-clearing and drainage is started.

Send your own inspectors around the countryside. Appeal for the public's aid; seek information from the men who have spent their lives on the land.

Then take instant action concerning every case of neglect brought to your notice.—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. A. DUFF COOPER, M.P.,
Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—You are suspiciously vague in your answers concerning freedom of the Press—so vague that I have the gravest mistrust of your intentions.

And I warn you that a muzzled Press will not be tolerated by the people of this country, which knows so well how censorship helped to ruin France.

Persist in your desires, and a change will certainly come—but it will be a change of fortune for you.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal E. L. GOSSAGE,
Chief of R.A.F. Personnel

DEAR AIR-MARSHAL,—Are you satisfied that the R.A.F. is making the best use of available man-power? I am not.

Latest example brought to my notice concerns a man who had 1,700 hours' experience in peace time as a pilot and navigator. He is now merely a sergeant instructor in the R.A.F. After a year, perhaps, he will become a flight sergeant.

Why, is the R.A.F. overstaffed with officers?—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Walking down the street with his wife and two-year-old baby, a soldier heard an aeroplane overhead, then the crash of bombs. He picked up the child and ran to the nearest shelter—only to find it locked.

The attendant, saying he had lost the key, sent them to another shelter, where they waited five minutes for the key to be produced.

That sort of dangerous folly is happening in many towns. I challenge you to offer a single fact why it should be tolerated.—JOHN BULL.

The MILL GIRLS,
Paisley

DEAR PEOPLE,—Your generosity is almost traditional, for you give at least £3,000 a year to charities, and since war began you have bought enough Savings Certificates to pay for a heavy bomber.

But nowhere have I seen it recognised that most of you are sacrificing your holiday, though you have just drawn out £40,000 from your holiday fund, in order to invest the money for war purposes.

Allow me to rectify the omission and pay tribute to your public spirit.—JOHN BULL.

DOCTORS OF PLANES

Here is a brief picture of the vital work of men and women behind the scenes, who know no limelight—and want none! Their only concern is to keep our planes aloft

EVER heard of Maintenance Command, R.A.F.?

Its name seldom hits the headlines. It does one of the least glamorous jobs of a glamorous Service, and does it behind the scenes. But what a job!

Every R.A.F. man of any sort who goes up into the air and comes safely down again has a lot to thank "M.C." for.

Its chief is Air Vice-Marshal J. S. T. Bradley, and his organisation is controlled from centralised headquarters and divided into four groups—Equipment, Aircraft, Ammunition and Fuel (including oxygen supplies), and Repair and Salvage.

Repair and Salvage! Behind that drab-sounding name alone what an epic lies!

Mr. Churchill hinted briefly at it in his memorable story of the Flanders evacuation when he referred to the planes that in surprising numbers suffer

damage in some form or other and have to be swiftly put into the air again.

This brilliant work was done by craftsmen toiling the clock round at the aerodromes and other workshops under Bradley's Maintenance Command, and by craftsmen of its active partner in this work, the Aircraft Civil Repair Organisation, of which the famous producer of Spitfires, Mr. T. C. L. Westbrook, is director.

Here is a typical case of repair wizardry for which the A.C.R.O. happened to be responsible.

One of our latest fighters returned from across the Channel badly shot up. Wings and tail were so severely damaged that the last stages of the homecoming were made with the machine at times out of control.

The rear gunner baled out. The pilot took a chance alone, managed somehow to land at his aerodrome. His machine was a "crock." But within forty-eight hours it was made fighting fit and was engaged in active operations again.

A crash falls into three main categories:—

1. *Repairable on the spot.*
2. *Requiring workshop and special facilities at an Air Force depot or at the appropriate contractors.*

3. *Fit only for "write off," which means the machine is taken to the salvage centre and stripped down.*

The basic idea of Maintenance Command is to relieve the C-in-Cs of the operational and training commands of all anxiety over maintenance and supply services, and its chief is answerable direct to the Air Ministry.

This, in his own words, "gives us a superb opportunity to plan on new lines."

The same applies to "Spitfire Westbrook's" Aircraft Civil Repair Organisation, which comes into the picture when for one reason or another a damaged aircraft is handled in civil workshops.

The network of these has grown enormously since Lord Beaverbrook's Ministry of Aircraft Production came into belated being. Very often they are nearer to the scene of damage than are the R.A.F. depots, and valuable hours are saved by getting machine and workmen together over the shortest distance in the shortest space of time.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

FOOD PRICES RAMP: GAPS IN A.R.P.

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD is spending £1,000,000 a week in trying to keep food prices down.

Yet by every post letters remind me that for certain commodities prices are far too high.

My enquiries show that not only blatant profiteering is causing the trouble. Controlled prices have been fixed at too high a level.

Housewives are rightly indignant; demonstrations have been organised in certain parts of the country.

At Liverpool, there has been a widely supported petition in favour of making the cheaper cuts of meat available for working-class families.

Hull Food Control Committee has passed a resolution regretting that food prices have been fixed so high that a large number of people in the town are having to go without.

It is officially stated that prices have risen by only 20 per cent. since war started. Evidently "wishful thinking" is still encouraged in Whitehall.

Wholesale fish prices have sometimes been 300 per cent. higher than the pre-war level. Consequently, fish is rarely to be found nowadays in working-class meals.

Cheese, 6d. per lb. last September, is now 1s. 2d. a pound. Sugar has jumped from 2½d. to 4½d. A tin of red salmon that used to cost 10½d. now has a controlled price of 1s. 7d.

Other prices have risen 40 per cent. Butter and bacon are controlled at so high a price that ration coupons are going unused.

And yet, as I say, the Exchequer is spending a million pounds a week in order that Mr and Mrs. Smith and their youngsters shall not go short of essential foodstuffs. There is plenty of food for all.

I do not, therefore, criticise the Government's intentions.

But I fear that its policy has too often been dictated by vested interests, who have run up prices for several weeks and then persuaded the Government to fix "controlled prices" at the highest rates.

Are the vested interests plundering both the housewife and the State?

Certainly profiteering is still rampant.

Butchers as well as their customers want cheaper joints for poor families.



As Sir Douglas McCraith, Chairman of the North Midland Price Regulation Committee, points out:

"Many retailers have given abundant evidence that a substantial number of leading manufacturers and wholesalers are insisting that retailers shall sell certain goods at prices exceeding those permitted by the Prices of Goods Act, 1939."

RETAILERS ARE THREATENED THAT UNLESS THEY DELIBERATELY BREAK THE ANTI-PROFITEERING LAW THEY WILL GET NO MORE SUPPLIES.

Official figures leave no doubt that profiteering is increasing by leaps and bounds.

I have no doubt that, despite the excellent work of the Price Regulation Committees, there are thousands of cases that do not come to the authorities' attention.

This is where my readers can help themselves and the rest of the community.

If a housewife thinks she has been overcharged, the remedy is not idle grumbling. She should at once give the facts in a letter to the local committee.

The profiteers must be checked. In flagrant cases, they should be punished not by a fine but by a spell in jail.

THE GREATEST OF THESE . . .

UNABLE to follow his occupation through heart trouble, Daniel Evans, a Lancashire ex-Service man, who won the Military Medal in the last war, appeals to us for help. There are five children under 13. One son is attending hospital with a broken thumb; and a girl of six is at home with measles.

In the circumstances, the family is having a very hard struggle to keep free from debt.

"I have the utmost confidence in recommending Mr D. Evans for help," writes the minister of the church he attends. "It is a most deserving case."

Will our readers do what they can to help this hero keep his home together? Donations should be earmarked "M.M." and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgements are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of sub-



scriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to the readers who send to us anonymously, and under various pseudonyms.

RAILWAY companies, so loud in their demands for a "square deal," are being aided by the Government in handing a raw deal to their road transport rivals.

Road contractors have been so restricted that they can no longer offer effective competition.

Thousands have been squeezed out of business.

Meanwhile, traders complain that they are denied the only form of transport suitable for their goods.

Any saving in petrol, they add, is cancelled out by the delays and inconveniences of rail delivery.

Even munitions are being held up.

Building of public A.R.P. shelters in and about London has been hampered by lack of bricks.

There are millions of bricks at the brickfields, but they can't be moved owing to transport difficulties.

Transport by rail takes twice as long and costs twice as much as if they were sent by lorries. Yet they have to be sent by rail!

I warn the Government that by helping the railways to set up a virtual monopoly of transport it is also piling up a load of trouble for itself.

MILLIONS of houses are still defenceless against air raids.

Towns that were formerly considered safe, and have recently been bombed, cannot obtain Anderson shelters. Indeed, the manufacture of these shelters has ceased.

Aircraft workers in the West Country tell me that during air raids they walk round the streets all night "in preference to being smothered by the collapse of our jerry-built houses."

From York comes a report that Anderson shelters are being taken away from houses and in their place tool sheds are being reinforced with a row of bricks!

Parents at Liphook, Hants, say that ten months' agitation have failed to secure shelters for children at school. The pupils have merely been instructed to crawl under their desks during air raids.

Essex parents have refused to send their children to school until protection has been given.

Some enterprising councils, such as those at Purley and Guildford, are allowing householders to buy shelters on the instalment plan.

But many local authorities are lazy.

In my view, the Ministry of Home Security should accept responsibility for the whole system of A.R.P. shelters—and insist that its orders be carried out immediately.

Watch this
Inspector

★
Cheek from
Mr. Page

★
£7 a Week for
30s. Outlay!

HE'S always an "Inspector"—it's a regular preface to his name. But his name is rarely the same twice—it has been Thomas, Bailey, Hardy, Butler, Richards, Walker, Gray, Webster and many more during the last few months.

Six feet tall, distinguished-looking, slightly bald, and aged about fifty, he is well spoken and well dressed.

Posing as a Government Inspector working with a General on urgent defence matters, he selects areas in which there is property or depots, airports, arsenals, munition factories or wireless stations.

He arrives at a house in a nice car to arrange for workmen's billets. And he leaves next morning with everything of value that he can lay hands on.

Look out for him!

VARIOUS spraying fluids alleged to purify the air in A.R.P. shelters have been placed on the market recently.

Some of the claims made for them are astounding.

Before you are tempted to buy one of these bottles, you should at least inquire if the fluid has been tested by some competent authority.

If it hasn't, leave it alone!

CROOKS are posing as soldiers in mufti. Supposed to be on leave, they raise money by whining tales about losing their wallets, the deaths of relatives, and so on.

Others who are supposed to be stranded beg for postage stamps in order to write home for their fare—and then sell the stamps to passers-by.

IMPUDENT as ever, Malcolm Page, Ltd. (alias Louis Lazarovitch, alias Bernard Lewis), is sending out bills for the Cyclist Touring Club guide-book for 1940, which covers Hampshire, Wiltshire and the Isle of Wight. "Prompt payment" is requested.

I strongly advise him to surrender at once all guide-books in his possession to the police, whether they relate to the present "prohibited areas" or not, as should everyone else.

His requests for payment should be ignored.

WHAT is he up to now? I asked two months ago when "Mr. Arthur Marsh" and his stamp-investment scheme disappeared from his address in Manchester.

Now I find a very similar scheme—offering a regular income of £7 and upwards a week from investing a mere 30s. in stamps—operating in the name of "Philatelist" from 329, Wigan Road, Leigh, Lancs. I wonder if that is the new style of Mr. Marsh!

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. A. KAY, St. Aidan's Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, has been awarded the £1 1s. 0d. this week for alertness in spotting an item of news concerning a man I have exposed.

All readers can help in the same way.

Will There be Another French Revolution?

That is the question which everyone is asking. A "John Bull" Correspondent who has lived in France for many years tells you what is likely to happen



The French peasants are a highly individual people. Their land AND liberty mean everything to them, and they will not long submit to Nazi tyranny.

REVOLUTION will again sweep across France. It will come sooner there than in Germany or Italy. For the Germans had had little experience of democracy before they lost it, and the Italians had known only the more venal and corrupt phases of democracy.

Even in the Nazi-occupied regions of France, the peasants will prove but sullen serfs.

They will reduce their crops to a minimum, kill their cattle and chickens, doggedly persist in a stay-in strike on the land.

There will be equally stubborn resistance in the factories. There will be outrages and reprisals. Then further sabotage, growing in extent and violence.

Bastilles have always fallen in France. They will fall again.

Why am I so sure? Because I have lived in France for many years. Because I know the French.

They are a restless, highly individual people. They chafe under discipline.

They have orderly minds, but they do not understand order in administration or in political life.

The French Parliamentary system thrived on disorder. Every Ministry was based on a temporary and makeshift coalition.

There was disorder in the country's

finances, in its Army and Navy, in every phase of public and private life.

The Press was composed of hundreds of small daily or weekly sheets, some of them living on political or social blackmail, many of them living on subsidies from financiers or ambitious politicians, or from foreign governments.

Only the few newspapers with large circulations were comparatively honest, and even these succumbed to political or commercial interests when the supreme crisis came.

In all this, France has not changed in a century. The same conditions which prevailed before the débâcle of Waterloo, before the Sedan of 1870, prevailed before the Sedan of 1940.

A revolution has always occurred in France as a great purge—an act of protest against injustice or corruption, treachery and betrayal.

France is untrue to her own past to-day, but some day—perhaps sooner than we think—the truth will prevail.

What is happening to the world now has happened before. What has happened, is happening, to France to-day has happened before.

A leader in Central Europe blindly followed by millions of his fellow countrymen has overrun country after country and is now bent upon conquest of the world.

HE has hit upon a new tactic in mass conquest and mass subjection, a new tactic in mass corruption and mass penetration, a new tactic in mass warfare.

He bribes and corrupts, he threatens and coerces, he wheedles and seduces.

His greatest discovery in warfare is that half of an army can be turned against the other half, and a nation turned against itself.

If he can do that with an army and a nation how much easier to do it with two nations?

To do, for example, what he did between Poland and Czechoslovakia before Munich, what he did between Russia and the Western Powers before

the outbreak of war, what he has now done between France and Britain.

He borrows a lesson from Mahomet. Teach the heavenly reward of dying fighting for the Fuehrer.

ANOTHER lesson is borrowed from Napoleon. Is the nation threatened with famine and the Army without arms, munitions, boots? Beyond the Alps, beyond the Rhine, there are food and treasure beyond the dreams of hunger or avarice.

Strike always at the weakest spot. Bring a superior number of divisions to bear upon the enemy at a given place.

Only, unlike Napoleon, he has neither the profound perception nor the generous humanity to exclaim, after a bloody victory: "There is neither science nor art in war. It is always brutal and barbarous."

France is now in the position that Spain occupied in the last years of Napoleon's empire.

Like Spain, it is overrun by a tyrant's armies. A government subservient to the tyrant is in power.

As in the case of Spain, too, the vast majority of Frenchmen are in sympathy, secretly or openly, with the cause of Britain, and are dreaming of revolt against the oppressor.

But in the meantime French soil, like

Spanish soil at the beginning of the last century, has become for Britain enemy soil.

Its ports, fortifications, forests, mines and factories are exploited by the enemy against us. Its statesmen, some of its soldiers and sailors, also.

It is already committed to a dictatorial régime. It is to return to its old character as a peasant State.

So the industrial half of France, the iron and coal mines, the textile and steel industries of the North and West, are now entirely in Germany's hands, and will be used to augment Germany's armaments against Great Britain.

Disarmament and demobilisation of France have already begun.

Out of a very small part of the French Army recruited south of the Loire, in Pétain's rump, will be formed a force large enough to keep the population submissive to the will of the new régime, but not large enough to become the nucleus of armed resistance against the will of Germany.

FOR RESISTANCE THERE WILL BE ARMED OR UNARMED.

No Government has ever succeeded in repressing the fiercely individual, anarchistic, rebellious and unsubmitive character of the French working-man.

There will be secret societies, underground movements, terrorism on the model of the old Russian Nihilism.

No free and open trades union agitation will be tolerated by law, either in the German or in the Pétain territory.

The Labour which is announced as one of the triple foundations of the new French Fascist State—the other two are the Family and the Fatherland—will be the Labour that Mussolini tolerates, that the drunken and brutal Dr. Robert Ley disciplines in Germany.

It will be a drilled Labour. It will not be permitted to strike. It will have no voice in industry.

It may be doled out such favours as tickets for cruises on a French Strength Through Joy ship. It may receive larger rations of food than other classes of the population in the lean times that are coming for France.

BUT industrial liberty? The right to vote, to choose its leaders, to demonstrate in the streets, to stop work as a protest against injustice?

The answer is to be found in the concentration camp.

The only way out of this impasse of humiliation and enslavement, for a nation that has known three republics, that has never hesitated to erect barricades in the streets when it felt its liberties imperilled, is Revolution.

And the second French Revolution will be bloodier than the first.

Heads will roll in the sand. There will be an outcry—not this time against a mere monarchy—but against a whole generation of corrupt politicians, royalists and Fascists, bankers and generals.

In the first French Revolution the Terror was the last phase. An era of optimism and tolerance, of liberty and fraternity preceded it.

IN THE SECOND FRENCH REVOLUTION THE TERROR WILL COME FIRST. AFTER IT WILL COME LIBERTY.

FREE FRENCHMEN IN BLUE

PIERRE, twenty-five-year-old sailor in the French Navy, has just made the decision of his life. He has refused repatriation to his little village in Brittany. He is staying in Britain to fight for the real France.

Like a thousand other French sailors, he wears a tiny scrap of tricolour on his lapel as sign that he has now taken a new oath of allegiance to the Free French Navy.

Why? Let Pierre speak:

"I woke in my hammock in a British port to find my ship had been boarded by British sailors.

"They tried to look very stern, but I had had drinks with most of them. They winked at me over their bayonets.

"When one of my officers asked whether I would stay on and fight I said, 'Yes' at once.

Frenchman's Duty

"I said: 'I am remembering the words of the "Marseillaise." They tell a Frenchman his duty.'

"He tried to recite them, but his voice broke. He gripped my arm, and I knew then that he was staying on, too.

"It was hard saying goodbye to my shipmates who are electing to go back. It is not out of fear for themselves that they go back—but out of fear for their relatives.

"Grim stories swept our ships in the days of waiting—days when British people were asking: 'Where is the French Fleet?'

"Our people were going to be shot if we didn't go back. I think Fascists put the stories about.

"I have a father near Brest, who served in the Navy, like his father before him, and his grandfather before that. I wondered about him. But I decided he would be ashamed to have me back—just yet."

In the Blood

In the party was Raoul—also a Breton. His father was a sailor before him.

In fact, most of the French sailors who have taken an oath of allegiance to Britain come from families that have followed the sea for generations.

Said Raoul: "If there had been British sailors mixing with French sailors at Oran that dreadful fight would never have taken place.

"There was no such trouble at Alexandria, where our fleets were side by side—none at any harbour in Britain where the conditions were the same.

"Some poison was implanted in the minds of some of our fellow-countrymen at Oran—and there were no British sailors near to tell the truth.

"If there was no such poison put in their hands they would never have fired a gun at their British comrades."

Mental Confusion

There was a French officer in the group. "I wish I knew what had happened in the minds of some of our officers," he said wearily.

"To see the French ships disperse from Brest and other places as soon as it was known that Germany and Italy were after our Fleet was to realise that at that moment 100 per cent. of our sailors were for fighting on.

"A battleship, many destroyers and a large number of other craft made for a British port at once. Every man was flaming with the wish to meet and destroy the German Fleet.

"Feelings must have been the same in the French Fleet that fought at Oran. What can have happened? Who can say? The ways of the Nazis are very subtle."

Large numbers of French naval officers have taken the oath to serve under Vice-Admiral Muselier—and General de Gaulle. They are wonderful material.

Money and social status are no help to a man who seeks a commission in the French Navy.

High Intelligence

Admission to the Ecole Navale, Brest, as a cadet is available only to men with a high standard of intelligence and a positive yearning for a sea career.

"The sea is our life, our everything," said the young officer.

That evening this group had a rendezvous with thirty other French sailors in a Swiss tavern in Soho.

At the call of "Time!" every glass was raised to the toast, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—three vital words which French Fascists would have France forget, but which she will never forget.

In a corner stood five British blue-jackets—at almost painfully rigid Attention. . . .

More than a spark of the Entente Cordiale remains alive, one day to become a blaze.

UNITED WE V

"THE elephant does not fight the whale," said Bismarck. It was on that axiom that he based one side of his policy—no quarrel with England.

It was only after his fall that Germany, under the ex-Kaiser, reversed his policy, and set out to fight the whale and achieve world power.

But the Kaiser took the precaution of first providing himself with a whale of his own. In spite of that he failed.

To-day Hitler is engaged in the same adventure—without the whale.

Compared with the German fleet of 1914, Hitler's sea power is negligible. And yet he expects to win.

He expects to win because he relies on an entirely different weapon—propaganda and conspiracy.

It is that weapon with which chiefly he has won his successes.

Now that the struggle has resolved itself into a straight fight between the British Empire and Nazi Germany, it is that weapon we must be sleeplessly on guard against.

If we defeat that we shall defeat him.

And, first, let us take care not to be rattled by his successes.

They are immense and spectacular, but so were Napoleon's. And Napoleon lost the war.

He had all the Continent under his heel,

Faced by the rock of the British Empire, Hitler will redouble his vile plotting to undermine our morale and split us up into hostile factions, warns

A. G. GARDINER

and in the end he was beaten by the British Navy.

HITLER, TOO, HAS MOST OF THE CONTINENT UNDER HIS HEEL, BUT THIS IS A LIABILITY AS WELL AS AN ASSET.

He is the master of the whole coast line of Europe. But he is imprisoned behind that coast line.

We talk foolishly of the siege of this island.

We are not besieged while we have command of all the seas of the world and access to the resources of every continent except Europe.

It is Hitler who is besieged. He has thousands of miles of coast line and not a port from which he dare send a ship out to the open seas with the hope of ever seeing it back.

AND all this vast coast line, vulnerable to attack from without, has to be watched, and, if need be, defended.

True, it gives him jumping off grounds for short distance dashes across the narrow water, but without command of the sea those exploits are only flashes in the pan.

Then, again, consider his conquests.

He has enveloped himself with the wreckage of half a dozen nations, held down by fear and terror, writhing under the tyranny of the Gestapo, impoverished, enslaved, ready to round on the oppressor at the first turn of the wheel of fortune against him.

Is that a source of strength?

It may be for a lightning war. But this war is not going to be decided by a lightning flash.

And if it is not, what follows?

FEW people have difficulty in seeing the process of reasoning by which Hitler and his gang of wicked men resolved, without the safeguard of an adequate fleet, to plunge Europe into war.

To build such a fleet would have meant years of undisturbed preparation. And they were in a hurry.

Moreover, if they had set out deliberately to challenge us at sea, the then Government of this country could not have been so completely hoodwinked as it was.

Even Mr. Baldwin would have awakened out of his sleep.



"Tell the people" is his slogan—and how it annoys some bigwigs at the Air Ministry!

HANNEN SWAFFER

introduces the B.B.C.'s nerve-steadier for the ordinary listener—Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, the R.A.F.'s strong, but not silent man

HE HAS YOUR EARS

ONE of the three men in the running for Command of the R.A.F. in France when the war broke out was Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert.

He has become something just as important—although some of the non-flying bigwigs of the R.A.F. wouldn't agree.

He has become the new tonic discovered by the B.B.C.

You feel the fresh air surging from your loudspeaker whenever he speaks.

He more than offsets the defeatist talk of the jitterers—which is as important to the national effort, come to think of it, as bringing down enemy machines.

Joubert knows that because guts and resources win wars we shall win this one—unless, by reasons of stupidity or treason, we make the Germans a present of it.

He is broadcasting to make sure that we bestow no such gift.

No Doubts

Hawk-faced Joubert hasn't the patience to talk to people who have the slightest doubts about complete ultimate victory. He just walks away from them as the one type of fool that a man can't suffer gladly.

Mind you, he has views that are frowned on by brass-hats in all three Services.

He is publicity-minded.

As the man who has sat in a little tent controlling the Hendon Air Pageant, using 29 telephones at once to put the pep and precision of a George Black show into a spectacle set on an 80-square

mile stage, he knows the value of publicity.

And he believes in the masses. Not every Higher-Up of the Services does.

He believes it is their war. He maintains that they should be told the most possible, and not the least possible, about it.

He believes in the common-sense of the people. And—his own breast of medals notwithstanding—in their courage.

Give them a little by way of explanation and direction, he says—and that is what he tries to do in his broadcasts—and you can draw on the national fund of courage, resolution and capacity for sacrifice at will.

His Heroes

The R.A.F. has always abounded with officers who would have it a Silent Service.

Joubert would have youngsters told about the R.A.F. in their first week at school. They would keep hearing about it until they were old enough to buy newspapers, when—if he had his way—they would read about it on every page.

War or no war, he would have every young man clamouring to join the R.A.F. so that the R.A.F. could take its pick.

His life has been lived on that model.

The Wright brothers, Colonel Cody, Graham Gilmour, Grahame White—such were his boyhood heroes. Not Sherlock Holmes and Jack, Sam and Pete.

As a young artillery officer in 1912, he volunteered to become—and became—one of the first six pilots in the British air service.

First Flights

He flew round Laffans Plain in the tangle of a cockpitless machine, a bamboo rod as his seat, his legs dangling down to earth, his propeller driven by

a length of bicycle-chain from the engine.

When the Great War broke out he was one of the first two British flying officers to cross the German lines. He carried a pistol in his belt. And modern fighters have eight machine guns!

He got separated from the other machine and then was lost. Searching round, he was unable to find a German machine he could fight with his pistol, but he was able to go back and report the concentration and movements of Von Kluck's army, which at that moment didn't know the Contemptible British Army was in the line.

"Not a bad idea sending aeroplanes over to spy the land," said a brass-hat, when he returned. And so aerial reconnaissance was born.

After two years' fighting in frail machines on the Western Front, he went to Egypt and after that to Italy, where he finished up in command of the British air forces there.

Two Wars

Italians showered honours on him—including Croce di Guerra and Cavalier Medal of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus.

You won't find them on his breast now that Italy is against us. He prefers to be one of those rare people who wear fewer battle decorations than when the war broke out.

Air Marshals and Air Vice-M Marshals, by the way, have to put in twenty hours of actual flying in a modern machine. Some of them do just twenty hours—not a second more.

Joubert likes to keep flying—and a brilliant pilot he is.

To-day he is fighting in two wars—against the Nazis, and against the hush-hush merchants.

Of one thing he is confident—that he is going to be on the winning side in both cases.

WIN!

But there was another reason why Hitler took the risk of fighting us without a navy. Under the influence of Goering he believed that in war the surface navy had been made obsolete.

The air bomber, backed by the submarine and the floating mine, was destined to be the master of the battleship and the cruiser.

Britain's command of the seas could not be challenged on the surface, but it could be destroyed from above and below.

And this belief in the future supremacy of the air arm had another attraction.

A great navy could not be built quickly, nor could it be built secretly. But a mighty air fleet could be built both swiftly and secretly.

So Hitler banked everything in the air and the submarine.

He quieted our slumbering legislators and diplomatists with a naval pact, and even affected to be willing to consider an air pact at the moment when he was assured of overwhelming air supremacy.

BY the same cunning tactics he made his supremacy on land secure.

All of us remember the tremendous decision to provide cheap motor-cars for everybody in Germany.

Vast factories were erected to pour out motor-cars like sausages from a sausage machine.

None was ever built. Those factories were a blind.

In them were secretly prepared the thousands of super-tanks which two years later were to devastate Germany's neighbours from Poland to France.

But the calculation that the air would dominate the sea has gone wrong.

Hitler assumed that just as the tank would knock out the Maginot Line in quick time, so his bombers and submarines and mines would dispose of the British Navy with equal speed.

On these assumptions the lightning war seemed a certainty.

IT WAS A CAPITAL MISCALCULATION. IT WILL PROVE, I THINK, A DECISIVE MISCALCULATION.

Even after the shameful betrayal of France to her enemy, the dominion of the British Navy is still unchallenged.

And, despite all his spectacular successes on land, Hitler's lightning war has failed.

He is committed to a struggle of endurance on which he has not reckoned and which he cannot win while we hold the seas.

I SHALL not go over the potentialities on which that conviction is based—the gathering power and momentum of our preparations, the American support, the fervour of the Dominions, the oil outlook, the food outlook, the moral backing of the world, the fundamental conflict of interest between the Axis Powers and Russia, and so on.

But there is one factor which must be mentioned.

It is this, Germany cannot in the midst of a war build a fleet which can challenge ours.

We can build and are building an air arm that will dominate theirs.

In a word, we shall add supremacy in the air to our supremacy at sea, and to our superiority in the vital economic and moral spheres.

IF THIS IS ALL TRUE, AND I PROFOUNDLY BELIEVE IT IS TRUE, WE HAVE BUT TO STAND FIRM AND UNITED TO WIN THROUGH.



The King, here seen shaking hands with an Australian, symbolises the unity of the Empire. Free from all factions, this unity will bring victory.

The only danger arises from that weapon of which I have spoken.

The more Hitler realises that his lightning war has broken on the cliffs of Britain the more that weapon will be brought into play against us.

It is the weapon of propaganda and conspiracy behind the lines, by which, in his own words, "the enemy nations must be demoralised, ready to capitulate, reduced to complete inertia."

By these methods he has undermined the morale of nation after nation and paved the way to its ultimate overthrow.

I saw this vile plotting at work at close quarters in Austria as far back as 1933.

Since then the world has seen it bringing about the downfall of country after country, from Czechoslovakia to Poland, Poland to Norway, to Holland, Belgium, and, most lamentably of all, to France.

THERE is no country on earth where this malignant plague is not operating, with its Quislings and Henleins and Laval, its Nazi bands and its secret cells.

That we are no freer from it than other countries is only too apparent from the daily evidence of the courts and the internment of suspects, who have sat in Parliament and filled high office in the public service.

The poison works in all ways. To the rich Hitlerism is a means of dragooning the poor; to the poor it is a promise of fleeing the rich.

But its purpose is always the same.

It is to break up the solidarity of the national front, to undermine our morale and split us up into hostile factions.

It must be countered in two ways. We must stamp out the spirit of defeatism.

And we must resist any tendency to relapse into Party warfare.

It is for this reason that I deplore the agitation in some quarters against the continuance in office of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax.

I have been as critical of Mr. Chamberlain's actions in the past as anyone, and I have no word of that criticism to withdraw.

But I have never doubted either his personal probity or his devotion to Parliament and democratic institutions.

To-day he is as inflexible a foe of Hitlerism and as resolute in the prosecution of the war as Mr. Churchill or Mr. Bevin, and his enforced withdrawal now would gravely endanger our national unity.

We are going to win this war, but to do so we must keep our ranks unbroken. "United we win" must be our watchword.

We must know no Party. We must have no cause but one. It is to cleanse the world for ever of the curse of Hitlerism.

Argue It Out

By Pallas

THE FIRST LINE OF FREEDOM

MANY of our grandfathers rarely bought a newspaper.

Some because they could not read, others because they could not afford to buy one, and still others because the greater life of the world beyond their homes did not interest them.

To-day newspapers, even in their war time garb, are a more vital factor in the life of the country than ever they were.

Britain to-day cannot, dare not, must not, tolerate muddle and incompetency in high places.

A free Press and a free Parliament are the greatest safeguards against such inefficiency.

Because of newspapers every man and woman to-day is a critic of those who have been given the task of leading Britain to victory.

Some people in high places—people who because of their position are exposed constantly to the criticism of the Press—would like to muzzle our newspapers.

It may be that these people, knowing in their heart of hearts that they are not capable of doing their jobs as well as some others could do them, are afraid of criticism.

If this be so, then it is all the more vital that the Press should be free to expose the failings and blunders of such men.

* * *

HISTORY shows that ever since the first book was issued despots and cravens, conquerors and dictators have feared the power of the printed word.

Napoleon knew it when he wrote that four hostile newspapers were more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

Hitler's propaganda machine devotes all its terrific energies to the suppression of truth.

In all the countries ground by the Nazi jackboot not a newspaper is permitted the freedom of opinion or criticism.

For the time being the conquered peoples are ignorant of what is happening in the world beyond their frontiers. They are spoon-fed with lies; they live in a mist of ignorance.

Those who try to blow away that mist by introducing into the German occupied zone of France newspapers printed outside the zone are threatened with the penalty of death. Anyone found distributing such newspapers will also face a firing squad.

Let those who would muzzle the newspapers of Britain reflect on this—that the very mainspring of liberty is the liberty of the Press, the paramount bulwark against national decadence and loss of morale.

A nation muzzled is a nation already half-enslaved. For generations men of vision and enlightenment fought and suffered that British newspapers might have the great powers for good or evil they possess to-day.

* * *

SUCH powers have rarely been abused. The British Press, with its high standards of decency, has always been less corrupt and less corruptible than the Press of other nations.

No public man pilloried by the Press has ever been denied a square deal. Some men have emerged from criticism in a stronger position than they formerly had. They are few.

Freedom of the Press is the freedom of the nation. That freedom is the voice of the people from whom it sprang. It is the safeguard of the poor and the champion of the oppressed.

It can topple off his pedestal the highest in the land, if it feels that such a man is a menace to the wellbeing and the safety of the country it cherishes.

Everywhere you will find a respect for that power. Even as a junior reporter on an obscure newspaper I felt vaguely the power invested in me.

Now, in a time of crisis, the muddlers fear hostile publicity. They resent criticism. They put themselves and their jobs before the needs of the country.

God help Britain if the freedom of the Press goes!

The newspapers got you the leaders you deserved. The newspapers have kept the morale of this country sound and unshaken. The newspapers, with passionate sincerity, have fought the good fight against Nazidom; will continue to fight that fight.

You, the people of Britain, must see to it that the first line of liberty is unshaken by the assault of those who would suppress the freedom of your newspapers.

WILL SCOTT

takes you for a journey in the mind's eye and then by train to a cottage in the West, where you finally discover

THE LITTLE WOMAN

"I SAW old Smith the other day," said Piker. "He's evacuating his wife down into the West."

"I didn't know he had one," said I. "One what?" asked Piker.

Now that's exactly the sort of question that Piker would ask.

Unless you make the most precise statement Piker demands the smallest details. He can't see. He can't visualise. He's got about as much imagination as the leg of a table.

That is why I keep out of his way. And so do others.

"I didn't know that Smith, whom you met the other day, had a wife to evacuate to the West," said I to make it perfectly plain, even to Piker.

"Didn't you know he was married?" said Piker.

"I - did - not - know - that - Smith - was - married," I retorted, nettled by another typical Piker question.

Piker had always nettled me.

He was such a fool.

An undersized little shrimp of a man, with a face like an owl and a voice like a mouse squeaking. He had big arched eyebrows and big round glasses, which made him seem to be always wanting to know. And so he was.

Not that it ever stayed in when he got to know.

He was the complete nitwit.

Still, I wasn't going to have a scene with Piker. It wasn't worth the time.

"I haven't seen Smith," I said, "for years. Two years, anyway. Where's he gone?"

"When?" said Piker.

"When?" I repeated, beginning to boil again. "When he went, of course. To the West. Where? What part of the West? Which?"

"Oh," said Piker. "I see what you mean. Stonebridge. Well, about five miles out. Down a lane off the main road. They call his house The Cottage. It's in a place called Lupin Vale."

"The Cottage, Lupin Vale, near Stonebridge," said I.

"That's what I said," wheezed Piker. The little ass!

"Yes," I mused. "It must be two years since I last saw old Smith."

"You can't imagine him married," said Piker.

"Oh yes, you can," said I. "You can imagine anything if you've got the ability."

He only blinked.

"In my mind's eye I can see exactly the sort of woman he would marry," I went on. "She'll be small. She'll be clinging. She'll quote old Smith at every turn. She'll think he's the greatest thing that ever happened."

I stared at the ceiling (we were in a bar somewhere) and did a bit of concentration.

"I see her," I proceeded, "as a blonde, probably a little short-sighted so that she has to wear glasses. She may be just a trifle dowdy."

"I don't see how you can see her, if you've never seen her," said Piker.

"In my mind's eye," said I.

"There is, of course, no such thing," said the little fool.

"I base my deductions," I retorted crushingly, "on my knowledge of Smith himself, the types that appeal to him, the types he appeals to."

"Still, I don't see how you know," said Piker.

"I don't know!" said I. "I'm just using my imagination."

DURING the week there was a family conference, and my wife decided that she, too, would like to go down to the West.

The West is a part of the country I never knew much about, and at first I didn't know quite what to do. I might look up a few adverts in the papers, or get an agent's address from somewhere. Best to go down and look over the land, perhaps.

Then I thought of old Smith. So I rang up Piker to get his address, which I had forgotten.

"Evacuating?" said Piker.

"We're thinking of it," I replied.

"So are we," said Piker. "And I'm going down to his place on Saturday afternoon to get him to take me round to look at a few places. I wrote him only last night. Why not come along with me?"

I didn't particularly relish the idea of four hours in a train with Piker, but I

couldn't see any way out of it, so I told him it was a rattling good idea and I'd see him Saturday.

We met at Waterloo, and managed to get a compartment to ourselves.

"But for the war, you know," I said, "this would be good fun.

A sort of holiday."

"I see," said Piker, who never did see when he said that.

Presently I got going, more to stop him talking than for any other reason.

"Funny," I said, "the pictures you create in your imagination."

"Pictures?" said Piker.

"Pictures," said I.

"Pictures of what?" said Piker.

"Pictures of anything," said I.

"Oh," said Piker.

PIKER, I should think, was the dullest bit of work that was ever born. However...

"I've been looking at a map of old Smith's part of the world," I said. "And I can just see this little cottage he's taken outside Stonebridge."

"Impossible," said Piker. And I could have trodden on him.

I shut my eyes.

"You go out of Stonebridge by a long, flat road," I said. "Tall oak trees on each side. Meadows."

"In about four miles you come to a lane on the right that leads down into Lupin Vale."

"It's just guesswork," said Piker.

"It's a long lane, and it's wide and straight," I added. "Almost like a private drive, or avenue. It's at least a quarter of a mile long. The cottage is on the right."

"I don't see why you do it," said Piker.

"It's a Georgian cottage," said I. "It has blue paint and a shining brass knocker on a heavily panelled door. Woodbine creeps up the walls. There is a weather-vane on the roof."

"I mean," said Piker, "it serves no purpose. It's no use. You're all wrong. You must be."

"The Cottage," I persisted, "faces the road, and in front of it is a tall bank of laurels. And between the bank of laurels and the house is a broad lawn, smooth and green."

"It'll be all different. It's sure to be," said Piker.

"And behind the house," I concluded, "is a wide belt of firs."

"To me," said Piker, "this is just ridiculous nonsense. You can't see what you've never seen. You've got to be a

"I did not know that Smith was married," I said, nettled by another typical Piker question. Piker had always nettled me.



wrong. It's got to be all different. So why do it?"

"Fun!" said I.

"Fun?" said Piker.

"Seeing just how different," said I.

"But it's a waste of time," said Piker.

"How," I asked, "would you spend your time?"

"I don't see what you mean," said Piker.

And, of course, he didn't. Piker's never seen anything since the first day in his cradle.

WE got to Stonebridge in the evening and began to make enquiries. Nobody at the station had ever heard of Lupin Vale. They had heard of a taxi, but they didn't know where it was. Perhaps if we waited...

We waited.

Some forty minutes later the taxi turned up and we began an argument. The driver knew Lupin Vale and he'd heard of The Cottage and he promised to take us as far as he could. Pressed for details he said he'd never get car across ford this time year. She were full up.

"Car?" said we.

"Ford," said he.

We decided to leave it to him and we climbed into his cab.

"That," said Piker, "is the bit your mind's eye didn't see."

"What is?" said I.

"Ford," said Piker.

"The mind's eye," I said loftily, "can't be expected to see everything."

"It can't really be expected to see anything," said Piker.

That drive out of Stonebridge gave Piker plenty of opportunities and he took the lot.

The road climbed and twisted.

"You said it was flat," Piker reminded me, "with meadows and oak trees on each side."

The lane to Lupin Vale was reached after three miles and 't was on the left.

"You said four miles and on the right," said Piker.

It was a couple of miles to the ford.

"You said a quarter of a mile to The Cottage," said Piker.

HAVING paid off the taxi at the ford, we crossed a footbridge and kept on.

"Soon," said Piker, "we'll get old Smith to introduce us to his tiny, clinging wife!"

We came at last to the cottage, white and green painted and not a bit like the cottage I had visualised, I heard Piker chuckle.

In the gathering gloom we walked up the path and I knocked on the door. It opened and there before me stood a tall woman, dark-haired, hearty and cheerful.

I must have looked astonished, and I found myself explaining.

"Mrs. Smith? You know, you're not in the least what I imagined."

"Nor are you," said Mrs. Smith. "From bits and pieces I've picked up from George I've always seen you, in my mind's eye, as an undersized little weed, with a voice like the top note of a piccolo full of dust and a face like an owl. But come in, Mr. Piker, and I'll tell George you're here."

"Sorry," said I, "but I'm not Piker. This is Piker."

And I pulled him forward out of the dusk.

PEACOCK CHAMPION

A. W. HELLIWELL

continuing his "Giants of the Ring" series, this week deals with the career of Jack Johnson, the most-hated but possibly the greatest fighter of all time.

WITH a dressing gown of dazzling magnificence draped over his great shoulders, the tall negro made his way to the ringside. He walked with swaggering, insolent arrogance, showing his gold teeth in a gleaming smile, contemptuous of the silence that greeted his entry. In unfriendly quietness the huge crowd packing the Rushcutter's Bay Stadium watched him climb into the ring where stocky Tommy Burns waited to defend his world heavyweight title. He ducked under the ropes with all the grace of a cat, rubbed his feet carefully in the resin spread in his corner and gently tested the ropes as he stared across the arena.

That mocking, impudent smile was still on his thick lips.

Arthur Jack Johnson, possibly the greatest, most-hated fighter of all time, was accustomed to such chilly receptions.

He had chased Burns half-way across the world for a crack at his title, and wherever he went he found himself faced with antagonism.

They called him "black trash," and so he adopted a scornful, strutting arrogance just to show how careless he was of public opinion.

If he was "black trash" then they were "white trash."

He had a superb body and a pair of hard fists.

He could prove that he was the master of any man—black or white.

"How do you feel, Jack?" Duke Mullins, his trainer, asked as he stood flexing his rippling muscles.

"Sweet as a lemon, Duke," replied Johnson in his slow drawl. Then he lounged across the ring to the corner where Burns sat, his face shiny with vaseline.

For months the negro had been smarting under the lash of the champion's tongue. Burns, a past-master in the art of sneering repartee, had infuriated Johnson with his taunts and wisecracks. Now it was the negro's turn.

"Hail there, Tahmy," he grinned. "Say you'd better wipe that grease off your face and have them rub it on your stomach. Because that's where I'm going to hit you!"

Before Burns could retort he strolled back to his own corner, where he stood

making fancy punches in the air as though preparing for nothing more serious than a three-round exhibition.

But behind that mask of indifference burned bitter fires. There never has been a more viciously fought title contest.

Johnson fought like a black devil, grinning his hatred of the hopelessly outclassed white man, as, without the slightest trace of mercy or feeling, he rained terrible blows on him. There was something fiendish in the way he played with Burns.

ALTHOUGH he could have knocked him out before the fight was half a dozen rounds old, he took a cruel delight in making Burns suffer.

"Come on, Tahmy, hit me!" he would say, standing with his gloves at his sides and his feet wide apart. Then, as the champion, half-blind from the murderous punishment he had taken, lurched towards him, Johnson would side-step and deal him another crushing blow.

"Is that the best you can do, Tahmy?" he would sneer. "Why, they told me you could fight! Look, this is how it's done."

Once again his fist would flash and the blood would spurt from Burns' battered face.

From all round the stadium horrified spectators were shouting for the dreadful farce to be ended, but Tommy, his head swollen and every inch of his body from the waist up aching from the thrashing, stubbornly refused to quit.

Not until the police intervened in the fourteenth round did the contest end.

Drunk with the heady wine of success Johnson strutted the ring as champion of the world.

When he returned to Europe his vanity was unbelievable. Ablaze with diamonds and swinging a gold-mounted malacca walking-cane, he paraded the streets of London in clothes that had to be seen to be believed.

YET I doubt whether the ring has ever seen his equal.

He was so immeasurably the superior of anyone they could put against him that he was hardly ever extended, and if his knock-out record is unimpressive it is only because it pleased him to tease his opponents.

In the following year Big Jim Jeffries, the Ohio brawler, was persuaded to return to the ring from which he had retired six years before, in an attempt to wrest the title from the arrogant negro.

Well aware that people were hoping to see him dethroned, Johnson was viciously determined to win this fight. He saw in the big, modest ex-champion the personification of all the contempt and hatred he had faced for so many years.

And so he decided that he would not only defeat but also humble Jeffries, to show all the world that Jack Johnson, the "black trash," was still too good for the best white man they could find.

The contest was a massacre more than a fight.

There have been few more unpleasant sights in the history of pugilism than that of the lion-hearted veteran being unmercifully cut to ribbons by the sneering champion.

By the time the match had reached



A picture of Jack Johnson taken after the decline of his fame, when he was accepting jobs as sparring partner to other boxers.

Danger Zone 'Mother'

FIFTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Miriam Mann is "Mother" to two thousand women munition workers in the danger zone at a British arsenal.

For twenty-three years she has had a hand in making high explosives; she has lived through overwhelming sorrow and is now the only woman to hold her present position in any British munition factory.

How It Began

"It all began," Mrs. Mann told a JOHN BULL man, "in the last war when my husband was killed in the Battle of Loos, and I was left to support my children. Joining the Women's Police Service, I was sent, after training, to assist in guarding a munition factory in North London.

"I began then to learn the difficulties of women working in such factories.

The job ended when a fire broke out at the factory, and when it became difficult to persuade women to carry on with their dangerous work, I was asked by one of the factory directors to resign from the Women's Police Service to take a position as a 'mother.'

"Finding in striving to smooth out other people's difficulties that I forgot my own sorrow, I threw all my energy into the work. A year later I went to a big munition factory in the Midlands.

Terrible Conditions

"I was in charge of two hundred women, and our work was so secret that even now I feel I ought not to disclose details. I can tell you that we worked hard there in terrible conditions for nearly two years after the Armistice.

"When that factory closed down, my services were retained by the Government.

For nearly eighteen years I carried on at Britain's oldest munition factory. I learned not only about making munitions, but also of the real nature of men and women.

"This war was barely six months old when my only son, Kenneth, was killed with every member of his crew when the merchant ship of which he was in command struck a mine in the North Sea.

"I was so proud of him. Only twenty-seven, he held a Master Mariner's certificate.

"Oh, well, those who say that the best cure for sorrow is work are quite right.

"And my work is among women who are working to destroy the same relent-

less force that killed my husband and my son.

"Once a girl is engaged by the woman Labour Superintendent at the arsenal she comes to me to be trained in the regulations covering work among high explosives.

"A woman working in the Danger Zone must not wear silk or silken clothing, metal buttons—even metal eye-holes in their shoes, or metal hair-clasps, wrist-watches, and so on. She must always keep her head covered, know above all the vital importance of that boundary line in any high-explosives factory called 'Dirty' and 'Clean.'

The Danger Zone

"This boundary line marks the danger zone, and all cigarettes, matches, and other banned materials must be 'declared' at the gate. Shoes must be changed so that no grit is introduced into the 'Clean' where it might cause combustion.

"There are lockers and cupboards provided for all discarded clothing and personal possessions, and special washing-rooms.

"Yet these important matters are only a part of my work.

"The happiness of it all is in the personal touch—the confidences I receive from hundreds of women.

"Many of these women, married to men now in the Fighting Services, devote the big money they earn to buying comforts for husbands and sweet-hearts.

"When I think of the sacrifices women munition workers make for the men they love, I forget my own sorrow in admiration."



"Some people take risks with germs. We don't think it's worth it! We stay on the safe side and always use Family Health Soap,"

says Mrs. Healthy



WHEN MRS. GRAY AND JOAN CAME TO TEA, FOR INSTANCE



1 Joan wandered out of the garden and started playing on a rubbish heap but her mother didn't seem to mind that.

2 Well, it may have been bossy of me, but I made that child wash right away with Family Health Soap. "Better be sure than sorry" I said, and I told Mrs. Gray what a sure protection Family Health is against infection.



3 I must have impressed her too, for Mrs. Gray doesn't take any more risks. She's a regular Family Health user now and young Joan growing into a bonny kid.

*Well done, Mrs. Healthy! The more people who realise there is a grave danger of infection from the germs in dirt the better. Wash regularly with Family Health Soap—it's the finest protection you can have against infection of all kinds.

EVERY WASH A SURE PROTECTION

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JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810



**All your meat meals need a dash of
Now that rations are the fashion**

SAYS Martin Okay

**MASON'S
OK**

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD



"Want anything else from Boots, Mum?"

She's bicycling in to the local shopping centre where, of course, there is a Boots, for there are over twelve hundred branches in Great Britain. Like millions of other families in the United Kingdom, her family relies on Boots for all its medical and toilet needs. In every branch of Boots you can be sure of the same high standard of drug purity, the same wide choice of merchandise and the same accurate dispensing done under the supervision of one of the two thousand fully qualified chemists on duty in the branches. Last year Boots dispensed over seven and a half million prescriptions. This year Boots are making a greater and ever-increasing contribution to the nation's health.



You can rely on Boots

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

KA/62



"You can rely on me"

Flush is a 'plus' dog, loyal, companionable, never scratches, never sulks. What a dog! What a friend!... And all because master conditions him every day with Bob Martin's—the famous powders which by purifying the blood, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember—one Bob Martin's once a day will make your dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powders

From all chemists and dog-breed shops in packets 6d. & 1/-.

RED TAPE HINDERS
WAR EFFORT★
O.H.M.S.—NOT WHAT
IT SEEMS★
EMPTY TOWNS MEAN
HIGH RATES★
COAL CAN BEAT THE
BOMBS★
PACIFISTS NURSE THE
WOUNDED

NOW that postage has gone up to 2d., the temptation to use official envelopes for private correspondence has been increased.

Because there is a war on, more and more people are able to get hold of such envelopes.

The loss to the revenue must be considerable.—C. E. G., Bromley, London, E3.

U.S. Government is more vigilant than our own about misuse of official stationery. Even envelopes posted by the President from White House bear the imprint: "Penalty for private use, 5 dollars."

MANY thousands of owners of houses and shops have deserted their premises to seek greater safety elsewhere.

They are not called upon to pay one penny of the cost of protecting their property in their absence.

The price must be paid, in the shape of vastly increased rates, by the people who are left behind—the people who would be called on to help in extinguishing any fires which threatened their premises.—T. A. L., Fitzjohns Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

A MOB demonstrated in July, 1940, outside a London house that was showing a light—unthinkable in war time.

A mob demonstrated in July, 1797, outside No. 5, Cavendish Square, W., because it was the only house in London not blazing with light in celebration of Duncan's victory over the French.

Angrily they roused the house. A woman answered. It was Lady Nelson.

THE MAN WHO RESCUED A
BRITISH GARRISON

Captain William Robert Reeves,
D.S.O.—
"For Conspicuous Gallantry and
Resourcefulness."

AT the height of the heroic withdrawal to Dunkirk, a British tank battalion found itself surrounded in a small Flanders town by a fleet of heavy German tanks.

The Germans were in no hurry to finish off the battalion.

They had attacked once or twice before—and were still licking their wounds.

Although they knew there were no heavy tanks to oppose their heavy armour, they preferred to wait for strong reinforcements.

Suddenly, while they waited, all the fury of hell seemed to be let loose among them—directed by a handful of thinly protected light tanks led by Captain (Acting Major) William Robert Reeves in a cruiser tank.

He had the unenviable task of hurling himself on the heavy formation to allow the rest of the battalion to make a dash for safety.

He did the job well.

Before the dismounted German crews could regain the protection of their vehicles, they were mown down by deadly streams of machine-gun bullets.

Reeves paused only long enough to throw the Germans into utter confusion. Then he thundered down the road to

"Lord Nelson would wish to celebrate with you," she said, "but he lies in agony following the amputation of his arm. Laudanum brings him no relief. He cannot stand the light."

The spokesman of the mob said, "God bless him," and the crowd melted.—L. A. L., Coram Street, Russell Square, W.C.1.

We'll show our lights again—for victory!

PUBLIC houses throughout the kingdom are just beginning their Christmas clubs.

Millions of pounds, subscribed weekly from now till mid-December, will be paid out a few days before Christmas.

I commend to the notice of publicans everywhere the action of one of their number who announces that he will pay out in war savings certificates and stamps.—S. D., Manchester.

It has already been suggested to the Government that secretaries of local War Savings Committees should attend all pay-outs of Christmas, Slate and other such clubs.

QUEEN ELIZABETH gave this order when Britain was threatened with invasion by Spain:

"Under pain of death, no persons but those actually in service are to leave towns or villages except by orders of the Lords Lieutenant."

She was more far-seeing than the French Government of 1940!—Private Barratt, Somewhere in England.

During the last war, residents of many East Coast towns were instructed where to muster in case of invasion: Evacuation was to be managed officially, not allowed to become stampede, as in France.

GIVE a thought for the Army Pay Corps clerks, who want light clothing, light footwear.

They have to work in hot offices in battle-dress and iron-shod boots.

Voice of
the People

BECAUSE urgent war work is held up here and there by a shortage of labour, the manager of a local works went out to search the streets for a suitable boy.

He was delighted to meet my son—the more so when my lad told him: "I'm 14 to-morrow, sir."

But, because of the rule that a child can't leave school till the end of the school term in which he or she reaches school-leaving age, the deal is off.

The works in question loses a good, keen youngster; my son loses a good job.

And it is a greater pity when you know that if it were peace time the school would be breaking up next week—the war is adding to the length of terms.—W. Millward, 5, Mornington Crescent, Buckley, near Chester.

People who want battle-dress and heavy boots can't get them.

Who wants their heads reading?—J. L. Cruickshank, 21, Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury.

There aren't enough phrenologists to do the job properly.

WE liked that little JOHN BULL footnote about the headmaster who always thought that a patch on a child's clothing showed that he or she had a good mother.

We were taught at school thirty years ago:

Don't be ashamed of a patch, dear, A patch is not anything base—

A patch is a strip of honour And never a sign of disgrace:

The honour of thrifty fingers, The honour of thoughtful care.

The honour of someone's untiring love

That is never the worse for wear —Miss M. L., Phyllis Street, Rochdale.

COAL must be stored.

Don't run around making excuses: "We've only got room for two hundredweight!" and so on.

A good solid screen of black diamonds will protect back and front door against bomb splinters.

Let passers smile, if they're foolish enough. Help yourself while helping your country!—Ivor Hutton Key, 34, De Grey Street, Beverley Road, Yorks.

SEVERAL of us went to look at a cottage that had been demolished by a bomb.

We found it—with a small Union Jack sticking out perkily and bravely from one of the shattered windows, and behind its brave colours the smiling faces of the occupants.—F. W. Wood (address withheld).

THAT IS THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN.

RECENT JOHN BULL articles have stirred members of this Division to pass a resolution refusing to enrol conscientious objectors.

But we are still aggravated by the fact that Tribunal judges are putting these men in the R.A.M.C.—even when they don't understand the functions of their own bodies.

Meanwhile, thousands of trained St. John men who have volunteered their skilled services for the care of the wounded have to wait for months before they get their chance.—E. J.



Mr. Ramsbotham must cut through the red tape that keeps youngsters from jobs

Mr. Ramsbotham, Minister of Education, should tell local authorities plainly that where the education of the child will not suffer the State comes before strict observance of hampering regulations.

Garrad, Divisional Superintendent, No. 133 Division, St. John Ambulance Brigade.

TEA rationed? Don't let it worry you.

When you've had your second cup, fill the pot afresh with boiling water. Let it stand one minute. Pour oil through a strainer.

So long as no tea-leaf has remained in it, the cold tea will boil up again as fresh and invigorating as newly made tea—without a trace of "stewing."—Mrs. F. W., 14, Edith Grove, S.W.10.

FOOTBALL Association's assets stand at £131,747 5s. 4d.

If, at its annual meeting on July 29, it decided to lend the Government £30,000—that would be really playing the game.—Joe Harvey, 70, Welbeck Street, Mansfield, Notts.

BIRMINGHAM Education Authority tells myself and other school-teachers anxious to use every minute of our leisure for the protection of our country: "You mustn't, without first seeking permission, do any voluntary work which might impair your efficiency as teachers."

Supposing every firm in this country told its employees: "Don't do war work. It will impair the work we pay you to do." What then?—"68539," Birmingham.

I WAS horrified to read that Mrs. Marie Augusta Ingram, convicted enemy of this country, had worked in the households of two admirals.

Can we be assured that enemy aliens have been cleared out of all homes in which they can acquire the information sought by their masters?—John Ramsay, 41, Denman Drive, N.W.11.

Yes. But if JOHN BULL had been listened to years ago there would have been no such folly.

CASH PRIZES

★ This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

You can rely on 'DIGGER'

If you enjoy a 'full-bodied' tobacco you can be certain of much enjoyment from 'Digger.' And in these trying times you can also be assured that the fine quality and character which have made 'Digger' so popular remain unimpaired.

1 1/2^D PER OZ.

FLAKE-SHAG-MIXTURE-HONEYDEW-PLUG



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/4.

£50 CASH PRIZES

for NAMING these PUPPIES

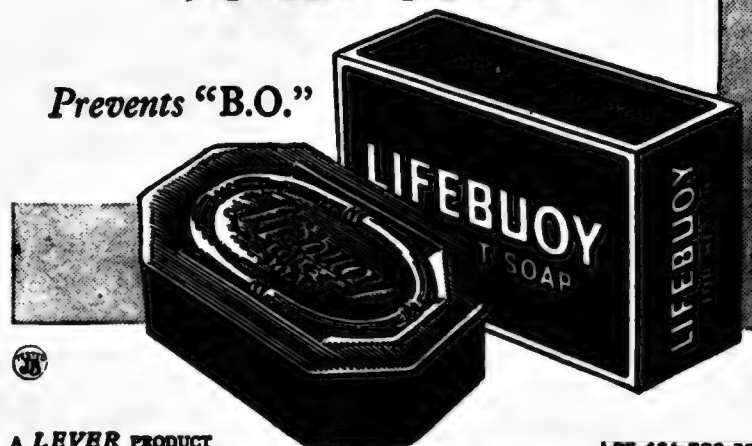
What would you call these twin puppies if they belonged to you? Makers of Karswood Dog Powders offer £50 in Cash Prizes for best names. Get Free Entry Form for Karswood "NAME THE PUPPIES" Competition to-day—from Chemists, Dog Food Shops, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, etc.

* KARSWOOD DOG POWDERS *



After long hours of mental strain, or a hard spell of manual work, find new vigour and freshness in a bath with **LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP**

Prevents "B.O."



A LEVER PRODUCT

LET 461-789-55

SORE FEET

"I find a Radox foot-bath most soothing and refreshing, both to my tired, aching feet and frayed nerves," writes Mrs. B. S. of Basingstoke.

Stale Foot Acid in the muscles causes sore, swollen feet. But a daily Radox foot-dip in hot water supercharges the water with oxygen, cleans clogged pores, lets out crippling Foot Acid. Swellings go down. Tired, aching feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox. 1/8 per 10 oz. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6



If YOU suffer from INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH you can eat what you like and enjoy it if you take two

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

NO PROPRIETARY RIGHTS CLAIMED ALL CHEMISTS 7/6 1/3

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible sharp pains or dull wearing down aches in back or sides, you can't get rid of these with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are: Head, Front and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Gravel under Eyes and Rheumatism, poor Appetite and Energy, Swollen Ankles etc.—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—and starts benefits in 24 hours and completely stops troubles in 3 days. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- on Guarantee to get 100% right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

Try this new BEAUTY RECIPE

Look at the photos of this girl before and after using it



How she used to look



How she looks to-day

"I can hardly believe my eyes when I look into a mirror," writes J. M. "My skin is fresher, clearer, lovelier than ever before in my life. My newly-found complexion beauty is the envy of all my friends." You too can get a new fresh skin—marvellous complexion. Start to-day the very same simple beauty treatment that this girl used. To-night, just before you go to bed, cover your face and neck with Tokalon Rose Skinfood. It contains "Biocel"—the amazing vital youth element discovered by a world-famous Skin Specialist. Every minute while you sleep the skin is absorbing this precious extract. Each morning you wake up looking younger. Next morning apply Crème Tokalon (White Colour, non-greasy). It dissolves away blackheads, and enlarged pores; makes skin fresh, clear and velvety-smooth. Any woman who follows this simple 3-minute-a-day treatment can look years younger—get a new complexion beauty. Successful results are positively guaranteed or money refunded.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 2d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, fountain pen, 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, fountain pen, 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, fountain pen. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dated) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 5d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 2d. postage and insurance. DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRES, LONDON, W.22.

Parents' Problems

My husband and I both feel that we should like three of our children to be evacuated overseas and have sent in the completed forms.

"But my mother says it will break her heart and that she will never see them again. She will never forgive me if I let them go."

"My husband and I realise the risk of the Atlantic crossing, but we do not want the children to go through the horrors of war if they can be avoided. What do you advise?"

Good parents do everything in their power to protect their children. So does the Government in whose eyes the nation's children are far more important than its gold.

If the Government advises that youngsters should be transferred to Canada or Australia, it's certain that every possible care will be taken during the voyage out.

But the responsibility for deciding whether children should go or stay rests with the parents. Not with other relatives. And both parents must agree about the question.

Let them remember this: They will worry if the children leave them, but they may worry even more if they insist on keeping them here.

ANOTHER all-important problem has increased the war time worries of many parents. Typical of many letters is this one from a man of forty-five.

"Ten years ago," he writes, "I had the great misfortune to lose my wife, and as I have not remarried I am left with the responsibility of looking after a family."

"Sons and daughters pass from childhood to young manhood and womanhood so quickly. They are all eager to get away from home and do their bit for the country."

"None of them, in my opinion, should be allowed to leave the parental roof until they are taught what used to be 'the facts of life.'"

"I have done my duty by the boys: they cannot plead ignorance or blame me if they go wrong."

Guineas for Readers

Every week **HUMANIST** tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

"But it is difficult for a widower to discuss the subject with girls in their late teens."

"I'd rather give them a book on the subject—inexpensive, clearly but tactfully written, and not in the least alarming."

"I mention the last point because when I was a youth I was given a book that scared me badly."

"There was too much hell-fire in it. What I needed was not fierce preaching, but a simple scientific explanation."

This man is right about the necessity to enlighten boys and girls who are nearing adult life.

I have sent him a list of suitable books and shall be pleased to send one to other parents if they will enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

This kind of education is not so grossly neglected as it was a few years ago.

Relationship between parents and children is more friendly than in Victorian days. Teachers are less afraid of the subject.

Yet, in spite of the candour of modern times, there is still much lamentable ignorance.

Fathers and mothers who are too embarrassed to broach the question can solve the difficulty by a book written discreetly by an expert.

More unusual is the problem of a man of twenty-five, now serving with the R.A.F. He married six years ago and has two sons.

"I have a job in civilian life," he tells me, "and am buying my own house. I do not smoke or drink, but I love reading and wireless."

"When I go home on leave, my chief worry is TEARS!"

THEY STUDY HEARTS

WAR does not only teach destruction. Certain branches of knowledge, acquired for the prosecution of the war, will even be required in the ideal world...

Chief among them is the practical knowledge of human physiology and anatomy with which thousands of young Royal Army Medical Corps recruits are being pruned.

Most of the lads in the R.A.M.C. have a good education and a natural aptitude for first aid, stretcher drill, anatomy and physiology. But their duties are not all spectacular.

There is a lot of necessary, though tedious, work to be done in the hospital wards, nursing, bed-making, cleaning, cooking, and distributing trays of food to patients.

Men undergo three months' intensive training in various hospitals and field units to which they are posted.

Visit any R.A.M.C. hut in the country and you will be impressed by the thoroughness and care with which the intricacies of the human body are explained.

The courses have been prepared with imagination.

Not mere dry-as-dust lectures, they are lively talks, vividly illustrated by plaster models of men.

The lecturer's table is strewn with these richly coloured models.

He picks up a "heart," a "lung" an "arm," or whatever it may be. Then he calls on a lad.

"Private Smith," he says, "come out and tell the class all about this."

And the boy, who has been in the Corps perhaps only two or three weeks, will give a remarkably good account of himself.

The advance of medical science has added subjects to the R.A.M.C. training course which were unknown (or only lightly introduced) to the Corps in 1914-18. X-rays, massage and treatments for all known gases used in modern warfare.

Radiology and massage are the two courses for which most men apply, because they offer scope for careers when the war is over, and those with some knowledge of photography and electricity are best adapted for studying X-rays.

Courses in dispensing and higher medicine, taken in the well-equipped laboratories, are reserved for the men with commissions.

Other men undergo practical and theoretical instruction in emergency aid and hospital orderly work, learn how to work in advanced aid posts, set up near the fighting in old dugouts and the sandbagged cellars of ruined buildings.

A rough-and-ready, though highly serviceable, collection of first-aid equipment is ready—dressings, splints, tourniquets and bandages....

"I weep when I leave my wife's parents, when I leave my own parents, when I leave the children, and when I leave my wife at the station."

"The nearest she has got to seeing me off is the top of the steps as I run away from her and slip into the train out of sight."

"I am quite all right once I get away. I am happy in the R.A.F."

"I manage to get home once every three or four weeks, and it is always the same. I promise my wife not to repeat the performance, but still I do. I did the same yesterday."

"As you will gather, I am deeply in love. My wife and I write to each other every day, and have never missed yet."

"If only you could suggest something to stop this tear-shedding and running off I should be more than grateful."

LET me say right away that there is no secret remedy for this trouble.

Tears flow more readily with some people than with others. It doesn't mean they are weak or cowardly.

We have a false idea about tears in this country. It seems to be part of the British tradition to conceal emotion—to look as unmoved as a Red Indian brave.

Some of the most fearless men in the world are highly sensitive. Their emotions will "out."

It was an American writer who said that laughter and tears are closely allied. They both move the same machinery of sensibility, but one is wind-power and the other water-power!

My correspondent has a sense of humour. He laughs at himself. He is no weakling.

Maoris Promise Germans 6 ft. of Britain

BRONZED, lean and wiry, the Maoris among the New Zealanders who have come to join Britain's defenders are as tough as steel. Their outlook is the outlook of the warrior. And they are warriors—every man of them.

All can claim such ancestors as Hone Heke, Te Raupara and other chieftains who never hesitated to attack trained soldiers, outnumbering them fifty and more to one.

That is the sort of fight these Maori Battalions look forward to—a fight against odds.

Liebensraum!

Quartermaster Warhi spoke for them all when he said to a **JOHN BULL** representative:

"If the Germans want to occupy England, let 'em come! Each German that lands can occupy a little strip all to himself."

"It'll be 6 ft. long and 2 ft. wide. And he'll be 6 ft. under it!"

Warhi, a burly and middle-aged man, wears ribbons of the 1914-1918 scrap. So do many of his comrades.

Warhi says the New Zealanders are trained to the minute and aching for action. Bill Dixon and Reg Brown are me.

English Names

Like hundreds of others, Bill and Reg are Maoris despite their English names.

They both hail from Rotorua, where Bill was a clerk and Reg a truck-driver.

Lean youngsters, they are of the type that will hang on to the bitter end.

You don't have to ask them. You just know.

As you do whenever you speak to any one of the Maori contingent, whose



These cheery youngsters are going to Wales—which is not so bad. But when your child is to go overseas it is a heartbreaking experience.

But at some time or other he has been taught that it isn't manly to shed tears, and that is what worries him.

Once he alters his ideas he may find that the difficulty decreases or disappears altogether.

As for that miserable business of being "seen off" at the station, why not cut it out?

One can say a temporary good-bye at home.

Farewells on a station platform are always either boring or distressing.

One wonders what to say, breaks an awkward silence by saying something unnecessary or idiotic, endures another awkward silence, says something else equally unnecessary and equally idiotic, and so on.

Or else the parting is made more poignant than either party can bear. So let's stop these station Good-byes!

standard of education is extraordinarily high.

When a group of Aussies and Enzeders visited Westminster Abbey, on their first day in London, it took one of the Maoris to translate all the Latin inscriptions.

Sons of Pioneers

Apart from the Maoris, the New Zealand unit includes thousands and thousands of bank clerks, lawyers, fishermen, bricklayers, engineers, farmers, boat-builders, carpenters and chicken raisers.

Some are the sons of the pioneer families who settled in New Zealand in the early days. Others are Englishmen who migrated since the Great War.

All are glad to be in the Old Country—none more so than Bill Gibson, who has a small holding in the South Island of New Zealand.

On Home Soil

"Last time I fought over the most of France," he says, "and I didn't have the same sort of feeling I've got now. Somehow, I sort of feel I'm fighting in New Zealand. There seems to be more 'o it.'"

That goes for them all. They are all pleased to be in England, not only because of the chance to renew old acquaintances or because it is their first visit, but because it "sort of makes the war seem more personal."

Yes, it does you good to meet the New Zealanders.

Their quiet determination and their desire to "get on with it," are as strong as the feelings of the Cockney Tommy.

To all New Zealanders who read this, **JOHN BULL** gives the traditional greeting:

"We're glad to have you!"
"Haremail!"

The Last Laugh

E. D. (Iotnes).—"Give me the roast beef of old England." Sorry, but our ration won't run to that.

Hiker (Epping).—"Wear rubber-lined boots and you can always count on your feet." We find it easier to do it on our hands.

Miss S. (Hampshire).—"The neglected street lamps around here are not a very cheerful sight." Nor would you be if you were always out all night.

D. M. (Kettering).—"Although my son is not very brilliant at school, he is first in one thing." The street when it's time to go home?

E. P. (Preston).—"A parrot recently became the mascot of a militiamen's camp." We understand that the sergeant-major has already learnt some new words.

G. L. (Luton).—"You won't find me hiding in a dug-out when the German bombers come overhead." Still if you shouted "Cuckoo!" once or twice, we might have a sporting chance of finding you.

D. B. (Esher).—"Passengers may find it confusing at first with the railway station names obliterated." No more confusing than listening to a railway porter pronouncing them.

F. D. (Finchley).—"Travelling by train involves a lot of hardships nowadays for business men. For instance, take my case." Sorry, but you'll have to get a porter to do that.

PATER (Bath).—"My daughter's been learning to play golf for six months now, and still she's got to have lessons. I should say her instructor is stupid." Or handsome.

H. L. (Faringdon).—"And the annoying part of the matter is that I got into trouble through being frank and earnest." We know another man in the same boat—he was Frank in Manchester and Ernest in Plymouth.

D. N. (Tipree).—"How can I prevent small boys breaking into my orchard?" Invite them in.

S. M. (Highgate).—"There will, of course, be no Channel swimming this year." The German High Command would hardly try that!

Mrs L. (Streatham).—"I don't know why my husband grumbled at the dinner, because I made it all from the cookery book." Perhaps he had a bit of the cover.

R. H. (Guildford).—"Don't you sometimes like to imagine that you can write a cheque for a colossal amount?" No, the income tax people do that for us.

SANDY (Paisley).—"I was out with my sweetheart for six hours, and the whole period cost only one shilling." Is that all she brought with her?

Mrs B. (Odnham).—"I wish I could think of something nice for a birthday present. I don't care how expensive it is." Oh, it's to be from your husband to you?

JANE (Birmingham).—"I can't think why they make such a fuss over my friend's voice. I have a much richer one." But perhaps she has a much richer father.

A. L. (Bishop's Stortford).—"My wife induced me to make a start on the garden last week-end, and what do you think was the first thing I dug up?" An excuse to stop.

D. N. (Hull).—"Do you realise that parachute troops might land on your lawn?" Well, we have taken the precaution of putting one of those "Keep off the grass" notices on it.

SCHOOLMASTER (Dorking).—"The youngster next door is the cheekiest boy I have ever had to handle. What do you think he told me when I asked him where he would expect to find elephants?" That he'd never lost any?

S. B. (Manchester).—"The drum-major flings his baton into the air and catches it every time." He'd catch it if he didn't.

PAT. R. (Liverpool).—"I shall never marry until I meet my opposite." But surely there are quite a few intelligent girls in your neighbourhood?

S. L. (Hinckley).—"I am very pleased indeed with your paper." Then we shall have no hesitation in publishing another number next week.

R. B. (Appleby).—"After insulting me, my rich uncle told me he was having his will recorded on a gramophone record." And you're expecting to get the needle?

D. B. (Rochester).—"A cricket ball passes through a number of hands before it is completed." But nothing to the number of hands it passes through when the fielding is slack.

C. C. (Tunstall).—"I worked sixteen hours a day for that man for four years and then he discharged me at a moment's notice." Discharged you! We thought slaves were sold.

Mrs. F. A. (Wigton).—"My neighbour is simply crazy on the subject of germs. She sterilises or filters everything in her house." We hope her relations with her husband are not strained.

OLD BILL By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Shouldn't a great, grown, hulking man like you be doing something towards the defence of his country?"



Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips" When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH: "There were no blemishes on his card for the first five MOLES."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"His married LIFE was normal."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"He used to have the family CRUST on his shirts."

STREET AND SMITH'S DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE: "A PHOTOGRAPH was wailing a high-pitched, sultry tune."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"... was roused from her BEAD early to-day by two smartly dressed, masked men."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"... it capitulated to the Germans after an heroically-borne siege of four MOUTHS."

SUSSEX DAILY NEWS:—"... and ordered seven days of bell ringing and ten days decorations with NAGS."

REMOVES HAIR IN 3 MINUTES



Better than Razor
No coarse regrowth
AMAZING
NEW DISCOVERY

MAKE this test:—Apply this new dainty fragrant cream. In 3 minutes wash it off. Every trace of ugly hair is gone as if by magic! Skin is left soft, white and satin-smooth. These results guaranteed or money refunded without question. This astounding discovery is sold everywhere under trade mark New "VEET." Throw away your razor. It leaves bristly stubble—makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Use New "VEET," the up-to-date, quick easy way to end superfluous hair and avoid coarse regrowth. At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.).

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Razor Blades

Now I wish I'd used them before!

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For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

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Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"No signs of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."

"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc."

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Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! 'ELASTO' is sold by Chemists everywhere.

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"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 4/6 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct post free on receipt of price from IRVONA (Dept. 20K), 1, CRESSER ST., LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to India. No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.)

MINISTRY  OF FOOD

CHEAP MILK

for

Mothers and Children

The National Milk Scheme provides one pint of milk a day, at a reduced price or free, for every expectant or nursing mother and every child under five not attending school.

- Get an Application Form from the Milk Officer at your local Food Office (the Post Office will give you the address), or through any Child Welfare Centre, Health Visitor or District Nurse.
- Fill in the top half of the Application Form and then have it signed by a responsible person (such as a Teacher or Clergyman), who knows you well.
- In the case of an expectant mother, the form must also be signed by a Doctor, Certified Midwife or Health Visitor.
- Post the form to the local Food Office. It will be about ten days before you receive your Milk Permit.

MILK AT 2d. PER PINT

- All expectant and nursing mothers, and children under five not attending school, will be able to get milk at 2d. per pint.

MILK FREE OF CHARGE

- Mothers and children are entitled to *free* milk if the incomes of both parents together are less than 40/- a week, or if an only parent's income is less than 27/6 a week. These limits are increased by 6/- for each non-earning dependant.
- Free milk will also be supplied to mothers and children in households where the householder is receiving public or unemployment assistance or a supplementary old-age pension.
- When applying for free milk, you must also fill in the *lower half of the Application Form*, after the top half has been filled in and signed as explained above.

KEEP THIS ANNOUNCEMENT TO HELP YOU FILL IN THE APPLICATION FORM